

THE  
ECLECTIC REVIEW

FOR AUGUST, 1843.

Art. I. *The Bible Cyclopædia; or, Illustrations of the Civil and Natural History of the Sacred Writings, by reference to the Manners, Customs, Rites, Traditions, Antiquities, and Literature of Eastern Nations.* 2 vols. 4to, 1841—1843. London: Parker

BEFORE directing particular attention to the work whose title we have transcribed, we desire to take a brief survey of the origin and history of the class of books to which it belongs, and which has, in the course of time, taken a rather prominent place in biblical literature. This will necessarily involve the expression of our opinion respecting most of the principal works of this description, that we may be enabled to indicate what has already been done, and what yet remains to be accomplished.

The first biblical cyclopædias appear to have originated in the desire to abridge to preachers and divines the labour of comparison and research, by exhibiting under one head whatever the Scriptures contained respecting places and persons. This object did not, however, immediately produce biblical cyclopædias, but *Indices to the Bible*. The earliest work of this description which we have been able to find is the *Mamomotrectus, sive expositio in singulos libros Biblorum, per singula capitula*: authore Joan. Marchesino, A.D. 1470. There is a copy in the King's library at the British Museum. It is a quarto black-letter volume of one hundred and twenty-nine folios. The body of the work is composed of a summary of the Scriptures by chapters, not unlike the summaries at the heads of chapters in our larger Bibles, and occasionally taking the form of an explanation. At the end is a very copious index to the contents, and it is this index which imparts a distinctive character to a work, which appears at that time to have been considered an important help to the study, or rather to the

ready use of the Scriptures. We are to consider that this work was among the earliest products of the press; and must regard it as a putting forth of multiplied impressions of one of those mechanical helps to preachers and students, which it had been previously necessary that every one should compile, or copy from a previous compilation, with his own hand.

In time, indices to summaries of the Bible, expanded into indices to the Bible itself; and these progressively became more copious and extensive. Now, when an index becomes sufficiently copious to contain, under one name or title, a self-indicative reference to all the principal matter in Scripture relating to that name or title, it wants but a few connecting sentences and dates to render it an article for a biblical dictionary; and this was, in fact, the process by which the index became a dictionary. Let us explain this by an example—the one we have readiest at hand. In the *Bible de Vence*, (based on Calmet's Bible) the *volume* of index gives the following under 'Abram.'

'ABRAM, le même qu'*Abraham*, fils de Tharé; sa naissance, Gen. xi. 26, 27. Sarai, sa femme, sterile, xi. 30; sort de son pays, va en Egypte à cause de la famine; y fait passer Sarai pour sa sœur, xii.; querelle de ses gens avec ceux de Lot, xiii.; reçoit la promesse d'une nombreuse postérité, xiii. 15, *et suiv.*; † xv. 4; † xvii. 16; † xviii. 10; ne reçoit rien des hommes, xiv. 22; épouse Agar, xvi. 4, *et suiv.*; appelé Abraham, xvii. 5; son hospitalité; adore des Anges sous la figure d'hommes; prie pour les habitans de Sodome, xviii.; naissance d'Isaac, xxi. 2. Il est prêt de l'immoler, xxii. 9; honore les habitans du pays; achète un sépulcre pour ensevelir Sara, xxiii.; envoi choisir une femme pour Isaac, xxiv. 4; sa mort, xxv. 8; son éloge, Eccli. xlv. 20; proposé à imiter, Isa. li. 2; appelé père de plusieurs nations et de tous ceux qui croient, Gen. xvii. 5; Matt. iii. 9; Luc. xix. 9; Jean viii. 39; Rom. iv. 11, 17. Sa postérité, Jos. xxiv. 3; Isa. xli. 8; Ezek. xxxiii. 24; Néhém. ix. 7, *et suiv.*; Matt. viii. 11; Act. vii. 2 et 16; Hebr. xi. 17; qui sont ses vrais enfans, Jean viii. 33; Rom. ix. 7; Gal. iii. 7.'

Now here is an apparatus for the biblical history of Abraham, in his natural and spiritual capacity, so complete that many sound biblical students would much prefer to work with it themselves than accept the ready-made article in a biblical dictionary, which might easily be produced from it; and a more full production of the contents of the passages of Scripture to which reference is thus made, would form a complete and satisfactory notice of Abraham, fit for the purposes of a biblical dictionary as at first understood. Indeed, this was the mode by which the biblical index became changed into a biblical dictionary. The biblical index referred the student to the passages containing all the information which the Scripture afforded, leaving to him the labour of collection and comparison. The first biblical dic-



tionaries spared him a part of this trouble, by combining these dispersed passages, and placing them in substance or detail before him. Not only was this labour spared, but it was soon found that this mode of producing the matter of the sacred Scriptures admitted the introduction of improved chronological arrangements, and of such results of critical and illustrative research as could not possibly be incorporated with a simple index to the Bible. Hence the biblical dictionary, in process of time, grew up into an alphabetical arrangement, not only of the matter in the Bible, but of criticism, research and illustration on the several subjects embraced in that arrangement—a sort of commentary on the Scriptures, in the alphabetical instead of the textual order. It was in the nature of things that such works should grow cumbersome; and they did so, until at length we have had biblical dictionaries in several volumes, folio and octavo, vying in size with the larger textual commentaries on the Scripture. This has of late years been seen as an evil, and a disposition has been manifested, at least in Germany, to revert to a sort of improvement of the original index, by making the dictionary state only leading facts, and arguments, with the results and conclusions of extensive investigations, the place of the details being supplied by numerous references to Scripture, and to works which treat of or illustrate the matter in hand. Such a work is, in fact, an index not only to the Scripture, but to vast materials of criticism and research thereon. It is thus possible, within the limits of a single octavo volume (like Winer's\*) to exhibit materials which might be extended into ten folio volumes. Such a work is invaluable to scholars. But it would not suit this country, because the scholarship which the proper use of such a work requires is not sufficiently diffused to warrant its production; and because it supposes the possession of, or access to, such libraries as in England are rarely seen. In proceeding to notice some of the leading works by which these views have been suggested, we must revert to the original index which the dictionary superseded. The old indices have now become very rare; and the popularity of dictionaries has prevented new ones from being produced. They have, perhaps, been undervalued. They might be made to afford far more valuable assistance than a concordance, in searching the Scripture on a given subject. They also encourage such research, by lessening the labour without diminishing the gratification. A good and complete modern index to the Bible is yet a desideratum in our biblical literature.

\* Winer's *Biblisches Realwörterbuch* is in two German vols., but they easily bind into one, and contain less printed matter than our common biblical dictionaries in a single octavo volume.

It has not been our good fortune to meet with many of the earlier indices produced in this country. The best of those which have fallen under our notice is also one of the latest: it is *A Rational Concordance, or an Index to the Bible*, by Matthew Pilkington, L.L.B., Nottingham, 1749. It is, however, confined chiefly to the doctrines and duties of Christianity; and the reason which the author gives for the scanty display of proper names might operate with advantage in excluding a vast number of such names, which enhance the price and unprofitably occupy the space of the modern biblical *cyclopædias*: 'It would not have been difficult with the helps I have by me, to have greatly enlarged the historical part of this index; but unless there was something more recorded than the genealogy, age, and death of a person, or the situation of a place, I concluded it would be unnecessary to mention them at all; and I was unwilling to enlarge the bulk and price of a book, which, if it may be of any general use, will be the more so by omitting such articles, as there would be very rarely occasion to refer to.'—Preface, p. xiv. In this work the headings occupy a ruled off margin, and the particulars fill the body of the page, each particular beginning a new line, thus:—

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| <p>'Adultery.</p> | <p>Strictly forbid. Exod. xx. 14., Lev. xviii. 20.<br/>         — Ordered to be punished with death. Lev. xx. 10, Deut. xxii. 22.<br/>         — will be punished by the Lord. Mal. iii. 5; 1 Cor. vi. 9; Heb. xiii. 4.<br/>         — the temporal inconvenience thereof, with other motives to avoid it. Prov. v. 15, vi. 32; (Ecclus. ix. 9, xxiii. 18.)<br/>         — what will be so accounted. Matt. v. 28.<br/>         — called fornication. Matt. v. 32, xix. 19.<br/>         — Idolatry so called. Jer. iii. 2, xiii. 27; Ezek. xxiii. 39.<br/>         — (The aggravation of the crime in woman. Ecclus. xxiii. 22.)<br/>         — Instance of. 2 Sam. ii. 2.'</p> |
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This branch of biblical literature has its 'curiosities' like every other. The year 1711 produced '*A Metrical Index to the Bible*'; or alphabetical tables of the Holy Scriptures in metre, composed

'I. To help the memory,

'II. To con-note with the letters the numbers of the several chapters.

'III. And to supply the want of a small concordance, useful for all the lovers of God's word, especially the young students in theology. By John Chorley, M.A., Minister of the Gospel, Norwich, 1711.'

The plan of the work is explained in the preface:—

‘Every book is divided into stanzas or staves, and every stanza, (excepting a few) consists of four lines or verses, whereof every one gives the contents of a chapter, or some principal matter in it, so that every stanza will comprise four chapters. The first line of every stanza begins with a letter of the alphabet, first with A, second with B, &c. Hence it follows that A stands for 1; B, which begins the second stanza, for 5. If then it be known what chapter every letter denotes, the number of the chapter which begins with the letter is known by it; as, for example, if I know that B stands for 5, then when I have this line, ‘Before the flood long age of man,’ I can presently tell that it is the fifth chapter (of Genesis).’

That the reader may perceive the *modus operandi*, we give, as a specimen, the ‘Index’ to the first eleven chapters of St. John’s Gospel:—

Chapter.

- 1 A Gospel John writes ; Christ’s God-man.
- 2 Water to wine doth change;
- 3 Proves Nicodemus an ignoramus;
- 4 Converts Samaritan.
- 5 B ethesda’s pool; blind Pharisees.
- 6 Christ is the Bread of Life.
- 7 Goes to the feast ; invites the guests;
- 8 Christ is the Bread of Life.
- 9 C ures one born blind; blind Pharisees.
- 10 Shepherd and Door is he.
- 11 Doth Laz’rus raise, when dead four days;  
Much people come to see.’

Of the Biblical Dictionary, properly so called, the earliest examples are, of course, in Latin. Among these we find the ‘*Clavis Scripturæ Sacræ*,’ Basil, 1567, of Mathias Flaccius. This work consists of two parts, of which the first only requires notice. In this, the words and forms of expression used in the Scriptures are arranged in alphabetical order, and explained after the manner of a dictionary. This work is very creditable to the author and to his age, and considering the state of biblical literature at the time of its production, is worthy of the praises bestowed upon it by Franzius, Glassius, Mosheim, Walch, Orme, and others. Whatever was wanting as to the *mass* of materials brought together in the form of a Biblical Dictionary, was supplied by Peter Ravanel, in his *Bibliotheca Sacra seu Thesaurus Scripturæ Canonice amplissimus*, 3 tom. folio, Genev. 1650. This is correctly described by Orme, as ‘A Dictionary of everything relating to the theology, natural history, morality, rites, and ceremonies, &c., of the Scriptures; in short, a kind of



Protestant Calmet. The work, however, is far inferior to that of Calmet. It is heavy, technical, and full of redundancies. The plainest subjects are loaded with explanations, and encumbered with logical definitions and distinctions. It is at the same time a work which discovers vast reading, and a most minute attention to the Scriptures. It is also, I believe, one of the first works of the kind published by a Protestant.\* Having the work now before us, we should only object to this that the comparison with Calmet is scarcely fair to Ravel. He is to be regarded as one of the first collectors, on a large scale, of the *materials* for such a work. That he did not digest the materials so well as one who, by coming after him, had less labour of collection, scarcely lessens the merit of his more arduous labour.

In process of time, biblical dictionaries, like other books, came to be written in the languages of the several nations which produced them. But those which appeared prior to Calmet's great work, which formed an epoch in the history of Biblical Dictionaries, will not long detain our attention.

Those which were produced in England were rather religious than biblical: that is to say, scholars contented themselves with the Latin works, and the English readers were supposed to be more in need of an explanation of the spiritual terms and phrases which occur in the sacred books. It would, perhaps, be more correct to describe them as dictionaries of such terms and phrases occurring in the *English* translation, and therefore dictionaries of the English bible, just as Calmet's work is a dictionary of the Vulgate. Of the works of this class, Wilson's '*Christian Dictionary*,'\* is a very favourable specimen; and it appears to have been the most popular, for the copy which lies before us (dated 1622), is of the *third* edition. It seems also to have been the earliest English work of the kind, and the author claims to be original. He says in the general preface, 'I have wondered that so many worthy, learned, and godly divines, which are as willing, from their love to the good of the church, as able for their sufficiency of gifts, not one—no, not one (that I know) has ever attempted to provide our Christian scholler such

\* The full title is:—A Christian Dictionary; opening the signification of the Chiefe Words dispersed generally throughout the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, tending to increase Christian knowledge. Whereunto is added a Particular Dictionary for the Revelation of St. John; for the Canticles or Song of Solomon; for the Epistle to the Hebrewes. The Third Edition. Augmented by the addition of divers thousands of Words, Phrases, and Significations, and by Explication of Levitical Rites: also, of most Difficult and Ambiguous Speeches, with farre more profitable Annotations than before. By Thomas Wilson, Minister of the Word at St. George's, in Canterbury. London: printed by William Iaggad, dwelling in Barbican. 1622.

a Christian dictionary of words as contain the secrets of our heavenly profession and art. Many have framed and set forth primers, and A, B, C's, for beginners—I mean catechisms—to enter them into the knowledge of God; but not any (as yet) have set too their hands to interpret, in our mother tongue (in alphabet order), the cheefe words of our science, which being very hard and darksome, sound in the eares of our weake schollers as Latine or Greeke words, as indeede many of them are derived from these languages; and this I have esteemed as no small lette to hinder the profitting in knowledge of holy Scriptures amongst the vulgar; because when in their reading or hearing Scriptures, they meete with such principall words, as carry with them the marrow and pithe of our holy religion, they sticke at them as at an unknown language. Mathias Flaccius Illyricus,\* (whom I did not looke upon, nor upon Enchiridion Marlorati, until I had well nye done this worke), hath worthily performed this in Latine, by whose helpe it is easy for a divine to do some such work in English. I, the unmeetest and unworthiest of all my brethren, not one of a thousand, have attempted this enterprise, and performed a poore something, sufficient onely to give the more learned occasion to doo some more exact thing in this kinde.'

The writers of the recommendatory prologues in prose and verse, by no means felt themselves restrained by this modesty in the author. One of them has:—'Seneca saith, *Nova, quamvis non magna miramur*: that wee make much of new things, though they be not great. Loe, in this booke they both meete together; heere is newnesse, and heere is goodnesse. This worke is new, and it is precious—how then should it not much inamor thee !'

We have no room for specimens of this work; but we may note that it omits proper names altogether; and that explanations of the kind which it does give, abound in all subsequent dictionaries, along with proper names and material subjects of biblical literature.

Only one work of this kind in the French language, prior to the appearance of Calmet, appears to have acquired much popularity. This was the *Dictionnaire de la Bible*, published at Lyons in 1695. Its author, Richard Simon, is usually but erroneously confounded with his much more eminent contemporary, Father Simon, whose Christian name was also Richard. Calmet says, in his *Bibliotheca Sacra*, that he had been at first advised to put forth a new and improved edition of this work; but he found it so exceedingly inaccurate, that he deemed it much easier to

\* The same whose work is noticed above. The author was surnamed Illyricus, from the country of his birth.

compose a new dictionary than to improve another's. He attributes this defect of Simon's work to the author's ignorance of Oriental languages, and his inadequate access to books. In the preface to his own work, Calmet denies having obtained any other assistance from Simon, and his other predecessors, than such as might be obtained in the formation of his vocabulary or list of headings.

We now come to Calmet's own work, the importance of which we by no means desire to underrate, although it seems to us now altogether out of date; and that it is full time that it should be in this country, as it has long been in Germany, superseded by something more adequately representing the immense progress which has been made in all the departments of biblical science since it appeared.

Although known in this country chiefly for his Dictionary, Calmet's great work was the *Commentaire Littéral sur tous les livres de l'Ancien et du Nouveau Testament*, published from 1707 to 1716, in twenty-three quarto volumes, and reprinted in twenty-six volumes quarto, and nine folio, in which last form it is now most usually met with. In this work very much attention is given to historical, geographical, and antiquarian research; and a great quantity of curious illustration of the incidents and of the phraseology of Scripture is derived from the ancient classics, and from the customs of modern Oriental nations, with which few men of his time were better acquainted than Father Calmet. In criticism, it falls far short of the continental demands of the present day, although Calmet was no mean scholar; and this, perhaps, is the cause of the slightly disparaging terms with which it is now sometimes mentioned. Such terms could only be applied to it by those who misunderstand its pretensions, and expect from it what it does not affect to give. For our own part, if we hesitate to subscribe to Adam Clarke's dictum, that Calmet's work forms 'the best Commentary ever published on the sacred writings, either by Catholics or Protestants,' we must confess that we set a high value upon it; and although we seldom now find occasion to refer to it, we remember with something like affection and respect the assistance we obtained from it in our earlier studies, which assistance was often such as we sought elsewhere in vain. It is understood that in this, the great labour of his diligent and useful life, Calmet was materially assisted by many of the more learned brothers of the order (the Benedictine), whose services were at his disposal. A peculiar and most interesting feature of this commentary consists of the curious and elaborate dissertations which are connected with each book, relative to the principal subjects of interest or difficulty which they contain. Thus



we find joined to Genesis, dissertations—sur le Paradis terrestre—sur le patriarche Hénoc—sur les Géans—sur l'arche de Noé—sur l'universalité du Déluge—sur le partage des descendans de Noé—sur le Tour de Babel—sur la première langue et sur le confusion arrivée à Babel—sur Melchisédech—sur l'origine et l'antiquité de la Circoncision—sur la ruine de Sodome et de Gomorrhe, etc.—sur la Monnoie. The great and signal success of the Commentary was very much owing to these dissertations. They are not very remarkable for reasoning or criticism: but they are full of facts, collected from an immense range of literature, and forming a valuable apparatus of references for the student who might wish to work out his own conclusions on the subjects to which they refer. This is their chief value—for although Calmet was an eminently judicious man, the student will not always accept the conclusion which he draws from the facts he has, with such unwearied industry, brought together; and the citations themselves require some watching and verification, as they are not unfrequently inexact from being taken at second-hand.

But what has all this to do with Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible? Very much: for the Dictionary is nothing more nor less than a *rifacimento*—and, indeed, scarcely that—but rather an alphabetical arrangement of extracts from the *Commentaire Littéral*, and from the *Histoire de l'Ancien et du Nouveau Testament*, of the same author. The historical and biographical articles of the Dictionary are mostly from the latter work, and the rest are from the former. Now, there was certainly no harm in thus 'using up' again the materials which had been already produced in the two previous works; but it may be regretted that Calmet declined the trouble of re-casting his old materials, to suit them for their new purpose, and contented himself with the easier task of copying his previous works verbatim; or, in other words, with cutting large pieces out of the one or the other of them, and then sticking the necessary 'heading' at the top. It is this process which explains the already cited declaration of Calmet, that he found it less difficult to produce a new Dictionary, than a new edition of Richard Simon.

The real eminence of Calmet thus was not enhanced by his Dictionary, the substantial honours of his literary labour resting upon the great original works from which his Dictionary was compiled; yet it is that Dictionary which has given to the name of Calmet its wide renown; and had that work not been produced, the name of Calmet would assuredly have been altogether unknown to millions, with whom it is now as familiar as a household word. And it is scarcely probable that any degree

of labour which the author might have bestowed upon it could have rendered its success more signal, or its influence of longer duration.

This work, in its complete state,\* was published in 1730, in four volumes folio, under the title of *Dictionnaire Historique, Critique et Chronologique de la Bible*. Since then, the name of Calmet has been throughout Europe synonymous with that of Dictionary of the Bible, and there are few persons who ever heard the name of Calmet without thinking of a Dictionary of the Bible, or who ever heard of a Dictionary of the Bible without thinking of Calmet; yet, as we have more than once hinted, the work is one of those which contrive by the influence of established associations to live on in solitary renown long after we have advanced out of, and far beyond the condition of literature under which they were produced. And thus, however useful and important its influence in its own day and generation, that influence has latterly been rather detrimental than otherwise, by offering the barrier of an old name and character to every new production more suited to the times which we have reached. There is a kind of conservatism in literature as well as in politics; and this is one of the examples.

The work of Calmet was speedily translated, and abridged, into various languages, and satisfied Europe long felt that in this matter there was nothing further to desire. We have not space to trace the history of Calmetism in different countries. In no country has the influence of the book been more marked than in this. We should like to trace it out minutely, and dwell upon it as a kind of monomania in English biblical literature: but we must be content with a slight sketch.

An entire, complete, and costly translation of this work, in three folio volumes, appeared in the year 1732. This translation was the work of two clergymen, not otherwise known in literature—the Rev. Samuel D'Oyly, M.A., and the Rev. John Colson, M.A., F.R.S.†

The former translated the Dictionary as far as the letter M,

\* The work was originally issued in two volumes. Two more volumes, in the way of supplement, were afterwards added; and in the edition of 1730, the matter of these four volumes was incorporated under one alphabet.

† The full title is:—‘An Historical, Critical, Geographical, Chronological, and Etymological Dictionary of the Holy Bible, in three volumes, wherein are explained all the proper names in the Old and New Testament, whether of men, women, cities, countries, rivers, mountains, &c., as also most of the significant or remarkable appellatives that anywhere occur therein, with accounts of all the natural productions, as animals, vegetables, minerals, stones, gems, &c. The whole digested into alphabetical order, and illustrated with above one hundred and sixty copper-plates, representing the Antiquities, Habits, Buildings, Sepulchres, and other Curiosities of the



together with the *Bibliotheca Sacra* and the *Treatise on the Tactics of the Ancient Hebrews*, which come at the end of the work. The rest was done by Mr. Colson. It is highly creditable to the translators, that they showed the proper respect to the original work of making their translation a complete reflection of it, without the suppression of any matters which they might have deemed unnecessary or erroneous. Unless where condensation or abridgment is the object, curtailment is a dangerous and unsatisfactory operation; and in the use of those translations or editions, in which it has been exercised, the reader must have great confidence in the judgment of the translator or editor—more confidence, indeed, than any translator or editor has a right to exact—who does not often feel the necessity of recurring to the original work. On this point, the translators observe:—

‘ We do not forget that the author is of a different and very dangerous communion; but St. Jerome has taught us this lesson, *bonis adversariorum, in honestum quid habuerint, non est detrahendum*. The reason of which procedure is so agreeable to natural equity, that we are sure a more partial behaviour, on the score merely of a diversity of sentiments, would be very inexcusable to men of ingenuous and free spirits. We have not therefore maimed him by retrenching or disguising anything delivered by him, but in these articles which have more immediate relation to the peculiar tenets of his church, we have faithfully expressed his sense of them, without any apprehension of spreading the infection of such errors as an ordinary capacity may discover, and every intelligent Protestant is able to confute. Not that we have been absolutely negligent in this particular; some little memorandums being added in the margin, at all proper opportunities, in order to awaken the more unwary reader, and arm him against surprises, as well as to declare our own dislike of such corrupt innovations in Christianity.’

This translation has formed the basis of all the variously named Biblical Cyclopædias and Dictionaries which have ever

Jews. To which is annexed, *Bibliotheca Sacra*, or a Copious Catalogue of the best editions and versions of the Bible, with a large account of the most valuable Commentaries, Expositions, and Paraphrases upon the whole, or any part thereof, and the authors of the same; and an ample Chronological Table of the History of the Bible, a Jewish Calendar, Tables of all the Hebrew Coins, Weights and Measures reduced to our own. A Dissertation upon Jewish Coins and Medals; another upon the *Tactics of the Ancient Hebrews*, by the Chevalier Folard: concluding with a literal translation of all the Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, and Greek names in the Bible; with Prefaces proper to each part. Written originally in French, by the Rev. Father Dom. Augustin Calmet, a Benedictine Monk, Abbot of Senones: and now translated into English, by Samuel D'Oyly, M.A., &c. &c., and John Colson, M.A., F.R.S., &c. &c.’



appeared in this country : but sixty years elapsed before a new edition of Calmet's own work appears to have been contemplated. Mr. Charles Taylor commenced the publication of a new edition in quarto in 1793. This, when completed, formed four thick volumes,\* comprising about the same quantity of matter as the three folio volumes of the first English edition. Two of these volumes are occupied with *an abridgment* of Calmet's work, and the other two with a variety of singular disjointed remarks, dissertations, &c., of Mr. Taylor himself, under the exceedingly appropriate name of 'Fragments.' Then Mr. Taylor casts away, in his edition, more than half of Calmet's work, to make room for as much matter of his own. It hence follows, that in this edition, and in those that have been since formed out of it, only a part, and scarcely the chief part, of the matter which passes under the name of Calmet, belongs to him or to his times. Mr. Taylor, however, knew what he was about, and repeated editions of his expensive work attested how correctly he had estimated the taste and judgment of his day. It is needless to speak now of a work so well known as Taylor's Calmet. It appears to us that Taylor has omitted much valuable matter in Calmet, to make room for much inferior matter of his own. That there are some very valuable, much very curious, and more very ingenious things in the 'Fragments,' is beyond dispute : but we are satisfied that the substantially useful matter which the two quartos of 'Fragments' contain, might easily have been comprehended in one-fourth of the space. The work has been extravagantly over-estimated. Horne, always lenient, lauds it highly, and even the usually severer Orme praises it with equal warmth. We are more willing to subscribe to the opinion of Professor Robinson :—

'The character of Mr. Taylor as an editor, and the value of his additions to Calmet's work may be given in a few words. Acquainted with Oriental philology only through the meagre system of Masclif and Parkhurst, as an expounder of etymologies outstripping even the extravagance of the latter, and as a theorist in the ancient history of nations, overstepping the limits which even Bryant had constrained himself to observe, his remarks on these and many collateral topics may be characterized as being in general fanciful, very often rash, and sometimes even involving apparent absurdity. They must ever be received by the student with great caution. His chief and undoubted merit consists in diligently bringing together, from a variety of sources, facts and extracts which serve to illustrate the antiquities, manners, and customs, and geography of Oriental nations.'

\* In later editions, the plates, being bound separately, form a *fifth* volume.

As these remarks are prefixed to Dr. Robinson's own edition of Taylor's Calmet, they will not be suspected of being too severe. Indeed, we take the liberty of believing, that if he had given his opinion of the work since, instead of *before* his own elaborate researches in geography and his personal glimpse at the manners of the East, he would have formed a considerably lower estimate of Mr. Taylor's services, even in those departments in which he allows him 'undoubted merit.'

Eventually, it was deemed advisable by the proprietors of the work to reduce this immense mass of rather crude *materials* into a manageable shape under one alphabet. This task was executed with ability and success by Mr. Josiah Conder, who rendered an acceptable service to Biblical literature by bringing all that was most valuable in the larger work within the modest limit of one large royal octavo volume. This reduction appears to have been effected chiefly by the omission of as much of Mr. Taylor's own matter as was not directly illustrative of the Scriptures. The responsibility of rejection is, however, anxious and painful; and we are not surprised to find that Mr. Conder, from commendable delicacy to his author, errs more on the side of retaining what is useless than of rejecting what is good. We can point to much in the octavo volume which might have been omitted without loss, but we have not discovered that the octavo omits any portions of the four quartos which we would have retained. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Conder did not, like Calmet himself, consider it much better to produce a new work than to reproduce an old one; for there are few men equally qualified to furnish a better Biblical Dictionary than this country has yet seen.

This condensed edition of Taylor's Calmet was immediately (1832) reproduced in America under the able editorship of Professor Robinson. This eminent scholar performed his task by expunging much of Taylor's matter which Mr. Conder had retained. In the place of these retrenchments, and to a much greater amount, he made important additions from modern travellers, and from that wide range of German Biblical literature with which all the English editors of Calmet appear to have been unacquainted. Still, on surveying what he had accomplished, he adds, 'The present work contains very many things which I should never have inserted, but which, being once there, I did not feel myself at liberty to reject. Such a course would have resulted in the compilation of a new work, which it was neither my wish nor my duty to undertake. My province was merely to prepare a revised edition of the English work. This I have done, and almost every page bears witness of such revision.' Such, then, according to the acknowledgment of its



latest editor, is Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible in its most recent dress.

The Germans were the first to rid themselves of Calmet altogether, as belonging to a past age of biblical literature, and the new and original works which they have produced, have not yet been rivalled in any other country. We regret that the extent to which this article has already run, forbids us to do more than thus briefly to indicate their merits.

It is true that our own country has many Biblical Dictionaries besides that of Calmet; but as *Biblical* Dictionaries, properly so called, they demand but little notice. The mode of their construction has been to abridge and select from Calmet, and then to throw in a number of *theological* and *ecclesiastical* articles, with definitions of the meanings and applications of the more recondite terms which occur in the English version of the Bible. These works have been distinguished from one another, chiefly by the diversity of religious opinions among their editors, and which they have so imparted to their respective works, that every denomination may be considered as having its own Bible Dictionary. One great reason for the superior success of Calmet's work was, that it took ground which rendered it equally acceptable to *all* denominations.

It is now time to turn our attention to the work which has given occasion for these remarks. Its object is limited by the title page to the 'illustration of the civil and natural history of the sacred writings, by reference to the manners, customs, rites, traditions, antiquities, and literature of eastern nations.' It is not very easy to see how the *natural* history of the Scripture, at least, is to be illustrated from the sources indicated; and still less easy to see how a Biblical Cyclopædia could be formed on this principle, or out of these materials. The meaning of the editor is, however, apparent in the body of the work; the substance of which is formed out of the stock matter in Calmet; and that which the title page produces as the character of the undertaking—illustrations from the sources indicated—is only applied in some articles dispersed through the work, and is indeed, only capable of incidental application. This it is, however, which distinguishes the present Cyclopædia from previous works of the same description, but rather in the extent than the principle of 'illustration,' for the original Calmet has something of the kind, and his last editor, Mr. Conder, has, in his octavo edition, incorporated under the several heads, much of the matter of this description, which Charles Taylor had collected in his 'Fragments.'

As this 'illustration' is the characteristic feature of the present work, it may be well to see how it is executed. We are sorry to



say that there is here no evidence of research, and very little of judgment in selection. Without going further, the writers have been content to form an alphabetical arrangement (*not digest*) of the matter collected to their hands by Harmer, Burder, Paxton, and Roberts, and of the stores of varied information contained in the 'Pictorial Bible,' and the 'Pictorial History of Palestine.' Of these, Harmer, Burder, and Paxton are sometimes cited, Roberts always; but the two latter works, which have been the most largely drawn upon—and which are composed of matter more requiring acknowledgment than that (extracts chiefly) of which the three first works are comprised—are scarcely named or alluded to throughout these two volumes. The right of appropriating in this wholesale manner the labour of another, even with all possible acknowledgment, admits of a question; but when this is done, in such fashion as to make that labour of another to appear one's own by the unacknowledged appropriation not only of his facts and conclusions, but of his authorities and references, the act considerably overpasses the limit of that honourable consideration which one scholar has a right to expect from another.

We will now indicate, almost at random, a few articles by which this prominent characteristic of the present work may be substantiated.

*Adultery.*—This article is distinguished by what seems to be the one solitary reference to the 'Pictorial Bible.' Nearly the whole article—certainly all that is curious in it—is copied from that work; and this isolated act of acknowledgment is compromised by a palpable attempt to obscure the extent of the obligation.

*Ezra.*—The article and engraving copied from the 'Pictorial Bible,' without acknowledgment.

*Dead Sea.*—The whole article (four quarto pages) copied from the 'Pictorial Palestine' without that work being named. The same extracts, from the same travellers, in the same order, and with the same connecting and incidental remarks.

*Mandrake.*—From the 'Pictorial Palestine, (unacknowledged;) and here, as elsewhere, a most unpleasant effect is produced upon one's mind by observing that the rare foreign books which the author of that work was the first to think of consulting for materials, are coolly cited in the articles derived therefrom — while the studied absence of any reference to it, makes these references appear the result of original research in the present book, which derives all of its very limited value from such unseemly appropriations.

*Mice.*—From the 'Pictorial Palestine,' (unacknowledged,) with

the sole addition of a concluding extract (acknowledged) from Wilkinson.

*Manna*—is thus composed. 1. A statement concerning the *word*, from the 'Pictorial Bible,' (unacknowledged.) 2. A statement respecting the *thing*, from Mr. Conder's 'Modern Traveller' (Arabia), introduced by 'A modern writer' (who? where?) 'well observes,' &c. 3. An extract from Burckhardt, introduced by an observation *implying* original production of the testimony, which testimony is, however, given by both the writers from whom the previous matter is derived. 4. A concluding extract from Wellsted's 'Travels in Arabia,' of which the credit may be given to the writer.

*Palestine*.—The largest article in the work, being twenty-six pages. It is in substance, taken from the 'Physical History,' which forms the elaborate introduction to the 'Pictorial History of Palestine.' It is safe to say, that if the history had not then been published, this article, in its present form and extent, would not have been seen in the 'Bible Cyclopædia.' Yet, the 'History' is not once, in any way, named or alluded to throughout the six-and-twenty pages, although some extracts edged in here and there, from the great work of Dr. Robinson, and the little work of Dr. Michael Russell, are duly and carefully acknowledged—the copyist being evidently but too happy to avail himself of any opportunity which an easy reference afforded, of imparting some freshness to his article by occasionally copying from these works rather than from that which he chiefly used. Now, this would have been a somewhat unconscionable operation, even had the 'Pictorial History' been duly acknowledged—but without the shade of any acknowledgment it is such an act as we forbear to characterize.

The reader will readily excuse us from tracing more of these delinquencies, although they might be multiplied without difficulty. In general, we may say that the matter derived from the sources indicated, and *not* indicated, is heaped together under the assigned heads, extract upon extract, with very little judgment, and without any such attempts to verify, to analyse, to digest, and to generalize, as might in some degree have created a kind of property in the 'borrowed' goods, and in some degree have excused, perhaps justified, the writers in their 'appropriations.'

Egyptian antiquities, which have become so common a source of biblical illustration, since the 'Pictorial Bible' took up the subject with materials derived from the French works on Egypt, and from Rossellini's 'Monumenti dell' Egitto;' and which have become more especially common since the publication of an ori-



ginal work on the subject of Egyptian antiquities (Sir J. G. Wilkinson) in the *English* language—are introduced most extensively and indiscriminately in the present work, which appears to embrace a very large proportion of the text and cuts of Wilkinson's first series, helped out by the 'Pictorial Bible' illustrations, and by those contained in Dr. W. C. Taylor's little book on the same subject. We are not disposed to undervalue the just and temperate use of Egyptian antiquities as a source of biblical illustration: but here the thing is decidedly overdone. Egyptian customs of every kind are supposed to run parallel with Jewish usages, whereas *excepting in those matters in which proximity would necessarily operate*, it is likely that no two nations ever differed more from each other in general habits and circumstances of life than did the ancient Israelites and the ancient Egyptians. The great difference in the climate and physical constitution of Egypt and Palestine, must alone have produced a corresponding difference of life and occupation, of dress, food, dwellings, and of all the principal circumstances by which one nation is distinguished from another. Much of the very large space occupied by the Egyptian matters, is therefore, for all biblical purposes, thrown away in the present 'Bible Cyclopædia.'

Much the same remark applies to the Hindoo illustrations; for, although incidental analogies will necessarily turn up in comparing any two nations, nothing can well be more different than the whole system of life of the ancient Hebrews and the modern Hindoos—the inhabitants of a tropical country, with animal and vegetable productions as different as possible from those of Palestine. Far better analogies might be found in Spain for instance. And why do not our biblical illustrators turn their attention to that country, which, next to Syria and Arabia, furnishes far better materials for analogous illustration of Scriptural manners than any other country in the world? Into the present work, nearly the whole of Mr. Roberts' recent volume of 'Oriental Illustrations' is copied; and, although there is here no lack of acknowledgment, the justice, no less than the wisdom of this wholesale appropriation may very much be questioned.

But we are weary of this process of dissection, and shall content ourselves with a few observations on those parts of the work with which no particular pretensions are connected.

The editor may have been, and probably was, a learned man; but for all that appears in this work, he need not have known more of Hebrew than the alphabet, for all the oriental learning is taken from Gibbs' *translation* of Gesenius's smaller dictionary, which is followed, even where its statements were afterwards modified or corrected by Gesenius himself, in his greater work, the 'Theasaurus,' the wealth of which appears to have been altoge-



ther unknown to the writers of this cyclopædia. Of Greek, there is even less appearance, and taken for critical uses, the work is certainly, as the Turks say—*Bosh!*

It is further to be observed that not the slightest use has been made of the vast stores of all kinds of learning and knowledge which the Germans have accumulated on all the matters which are, or should be, comprehended in a biblical cyclopædia. There is no evidence that any of the writers are acquainted with that language, or able to avail themselves of the treasures locked up in it. And the time is already come when it must be considered the height of presumption for any one to undertake a work of this description, who has no access to this exhaustless storehouse of materials. The only German writers quoted, are those which have been translated into English, such as Michaelis, Jahn, &c.

It appears from the preface to the second volume, that the original editor died when three-fourths of his task had been completed. The remaining portion of the work is edited by Dr. W. C. Taylor; and in it the various articles are distinguished by the initials of the several writers. The new editor seems to have regarded it as his only duty to work out the plan of his predecessor; and this latter portion of the work is therefore not very remarkably distinguished from the bulk of it. It contains single articles of merit, but, on the whole, bears marks of hasty compilation, and is obviously inferior to what a well-informed scholar like Dr. Taylor must have been capable of producing, if sufficient time for preparation had been allowed him, or had he not been shackled by the bad plan of his predecessors.

We took up this work with every disposition to judge it favourably; and if we have spoken unfavourably, it has only been from the impulse of the convictions which have been forced upon us as we proceeded. It were worse than idle at the present day to speak mincingly of works like this—well intentioned, it may be—the work of good men—but still, mere spoon-meats, offered to meet the requirements of an age which pants for strong nutriment, for the food of men.

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Art. II. *The Pictorial History of England during the Reign of George III.* Vols. 1, 2, 3. Charles Knight, London.

WE have no high opinion in general of works that are intended to be *popular*; yet popularity in our days is a very different thing from what it used to be; the production of such a work as the history before us, for the use of the people at large, is a sufficient proof of this. It is got up with great labour and care, is copious

in its contents, is marked by great impartiality, and is full of good, sound, *English* feeling. In some parts—that relating to the French Revolution, for instance—it is perhaps more full and particular than is *necessary* for a history of England, though not at all so for our individual taste; and the style is sometimes careless, sometimes almost flippant, sometimes, though rarely, coarse; but it is a useful and valuable work.

The volumes now before us contain the history of our country from the accession of George III. to the peace of Amiens, a period which witnessed the first acts of some of the greatest dramas that have ever been performed on the theatre of this world; teeming also with men whose names will be renowned as long as our common race exists.

Times make men, and the men of these extraordinary days were the embodied spirit of the times. A period of such interest and excitement, with one or two exceptions, was never witnessed by our country, and its moral and political effects are not even yet, and perhaps never will be, entirely exhausted:—one world lost and another gained, and a great and neighbouring country devastated by a tempest, such as our later days had never experienced, which agitated Europe to its centre, and which gave an aspect to our own affairs and to those of other countries, such as in any other circumstances they could scarcely have assumed.

A considerable connexion exists also between some of these phenomena, if not strictly in the relation of causes and effects, yet, still in that degree of collateral affinity which exerted no little influence on all. Principles, also, great principles, were involved in all; in some degree opposing principles, each true perhaps to a certain and an important extent, but mischievous or almost ruinous if urged beyond it; and it is probably to the abuse of one or more of such principles, or to the advocacy of them exclusively without reference to the others, that much of the misery of these unhappy times may be referred.

The affairs of the eastern and of the western world—of India and of America—were those in which we were more directly interested, and which must of necessity have called in one way or another for our direct interference, whether the result should be fortunate or otherwise. As regards the position which the government of this country thought proper to assume towards France, and our intermeddling with her affairs; as neither reason nor justice required such proceeding at our hands, we have none but ourselves to blame for what has been the consequence, and have only to be thankful that we have escaped so well.

There is a point at which the colonial possessions of any country, especially those which are very remote, may well be supposed to feel a desire for independence, but that point they

can never reach till they are perfectly capable of governing and defending themselves, and till their trade and commerce have arrived at such a state that they can depend on their own resources. When this state has been attained, it has been the opinion of many experienced statesmen, that it is for the benefit both of the mother country and of her dependencies that their mutual relations should be changed.

At this point—at the breaking out of our American war—our colonies supposed themselves to have arrived; but the English statesmen of that day, both among the ministry and the opposition, had not as yet adopted those opinions on the subject to which we have above alluded. Even Lord Chatham, Mr. Burke, and others, though they had opposed the proceedings of ministers in the conduct of the war, beheld with dismay the ultimate separation of the colonies from the parent state, and considered that the brightest jewel had been lost from the crown of England.

If on the question of expediency opinions were divided, they were by no means less so on those of abstract right; and the carrying out of those opinions to their legitimate consequences involved considerations of such importance, as might well in some degree have modified the very opinions themselves. There could be no middle course; the colonists were either men defending their legitimate rights, and therefore entitled to all consideration; or they were rebels, and might, if overcome, be treated as such, without considering anything but the law which they had broken. Though might does not make right, yet right is little without it; and though circumstance and expediency are allowed to rule this world at such a rate that things may often change their names without altering their nature, they are seldom permitted to do so without some reason, good or bad. A rebellion must be successful before it can be called a revolution; if unsuccessful, it is but a rebellion still; in one case its agents will be patriots, in the other, merely traitors. Whether colonies have a right to shake off the authority of a parent state at all? whether oppression will justify their doing it? how much oppression may confer the right? what is oppression? and, finally, who are to be the judges? are *questiones vexatæ* into which we need not enter, and which, though they cannot well be *solved*, will probably be *settled* according to the prejudices and feeling of the opposing parties. This, in fact, will leave the strongest arm the arbiter; and thus, after all, it was, that the knot was cut, not loosened.

One great error into which our statesmen fell, (and which has generally proved a fatal one to those who have indulged it,) was that of contemning their opponents; not their persons; for their ancestors were Englishmen, and their courage, therefore, was un-



doubted ; but their means were undervalued, and their unanimity was questioned. The loyalty of some, it was supposed, would neutralize the disaffection of others—and many *were* loyal ; but loyalty in any people as a mass, is less powerful than interest ; they may love their king, no doubt, but they will love themselves much better. A good king is a good thing, assuredly, but one who makes himself a bugbear to a nation, will first be terrible, and then despicable. The Americans could scarcely be ignorant of what was known so well in England, that the war against them was begun and carried on, in a great measure, through the obstinate determination of the king, who, whatever might be the virtues of his private character, was as staunch a stickler for prerogative as ever breathed.

When we say that the means of the Americans were undervalued, we do not mean that the number of their rifles was underrated, or their power of making gunpowder : we refer more especially to what may be called their negative means—the great extent of their country, its peculiarly unequal and woody nature making it difficult for regular troops to act, while it afforded the greatest facilities for carrying on a guerilla warfare, of all kinds the best suited to their habits, and to the constitution of their army ; of which the affair of Lexington, where the first blood of the war was shed, offers a memorable example.

On the other hand, the disadvantages on the side of Great Britain were so many, and of a nature so overwhelming, as sufficiently to account for the failure of her arms. Indeed, it is wonderful that either party spirit, or that voluntary obtuseness of mental vision which does not see because it will not, should have blinded statesmen of any party or degree to the inevitable result. The great distance of the mother country from the seat of war, which rendered it difficult to know the exact amount of the means that must be needed ; the length of time required to supply that need, or to make up for the effects of sudden disasters before the consequences should be fatal ; the great extent of the theatre of war, and the many parts into which, in consequence, it would be necessary to divide our means ; the array of a great European power against us ; and, though last, not least, the miserable incompetency of many of the men to whom the conduct of the war was given, must all be taken into the account against us.

If, as has been observed—we believe, by Clarendon—revolutions have generally succeeded, less from the power and exertions of the movers, than from the supineness of those in power, and the inefficiency of the means at first employed by those who should suppress the movement ; if, we say, this statement is true in general, it was emphatically so in the present instance : we overrated our own means as much as we underrated theirs.

As a specimen of the manner in which the war was conducted, and which may explain, though it cannot excuse, our failure, nor satisfy our *amor patriæ*, we will extract a brief description of the celebrated affair of Bunker's Hill, and of the no less celebrated and more disastrous retreat from Boston. The reader will understand that the English were in possession of Boston, and the Americans blockading them. We must abridge in our quotations.

'To the north of the peninsula of Boston, and separated from it only by Charles River, (about the breadth of the Thames at London) and now, though not then, united to it by a bridge, is the somewhat similar peninsula of Charlestown, entirely surrounded by navigable water, except where it is joined to the main land by an isthmus, somewhat wider and more accessible than Boston Neck. The town which gives its name to the peninsula stands immediately over against Boston, like a suburb to it, or as Southwark to London. In the centre of the peninsula rises the memorable eminence of Bunker's Hill, which has an easy ascent from the isthmus, but is steep and rugged on every other side. Charlestown stands at the foot of this eminence, which is high enough to overlook every part of Boston, and near enough to cannonade and command that city. It should seem almost incredible that the merest tyro in the art of war—the veriest blunderer ever confided in to lead his flag into disgrace, and his troops to destruction—could possibly neglect this vital position: but Gage, deaf to advice, *had* neglected it; and though Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, had been more than twenty days at Boston, with Bunker's Hill constantly staring them in the face, they had done absolutely nothing to secure it, nor had they even thrown out piquets beyond their work at Boston Neck, to watch the proceedings of the Americans, and guard against any sudden movement.

'According to Stedman, Gage was beginning to talk of doing something with Bunker's Hill, and his talk was reported to the enemy, like nearly everything else that was discussed at head quarters. On the night of the 16th of June, between nine and ten o'clock, a strong detachment of the blockading army moved from Cambridge, passed unchallenged and unobserved over Charlestown Neck, and reached the summit of Bunker's Hill without being detected. Setting to work, they presently threw up entrenchments, and a formidable redoubt, and placed their guns in battery. Although Boston and Boston Neck were so near—although the peninsula of Charlestown was almost surrounded by men-of-war and transports—nothing was discovered, or at least, no intimation given, till break of day, when the 'Lively' ship of war began a cannonade on Bunker's Hill. This gave the alarm to Boston and the army, and the officers, rubbing their eyes, saw the important and formidable height covered with works which seemed to have risen by magic in the night, and with troops who were shouting and beginning to fire on Boston Neck and the shipping.'

Gage opened a battery of six guns upon them from Copp's

Hill, in Boston, which did them no damage, and about noon a more decisive step was taken by landing General Howe, and Brigadier Pigott, on Charlestown peninsula, with a force which was ultimately increased to 2000 men.

‘There were several ways of attacking the Americans; the first and best, and the easiest of execution, as we had the *entire* command of the water, was to have landed the British troops in the rear of the entrenchment, where there was not a cannon to bear upon them, and where the ascent was exceedingly easy. The second way was to have sent some transports drawing little water, and some gun-boats, up Mystic channel, where they could have got within musket shot of the left flank of the Americans, which was quite uncovered and naked. The third way, and the *worst*, was to mount the hill right in front, where it was steep and rough, and where the American artillery could meet our men in the teeth—and this was the way chosen by our inconceivable generals!’—vol. i. pp. 215—257.

Our soldiers were met by a fire so tremendous (from men secure behind their entrenchments) that it almost swept them down the hill; they rallied, however, and stormed the works, and drove the Americans before them at the point of the bayonet, down the easy side of the hill to Charlestown Neck. A sloop of war and two or three floating batteries opened on them as they ran, and did them more mischief than they had waited to receive from the soldiers; but they were suffered to escape without pursuit, and with the loss of only 450 men in killed and wounded; while the English lost 1050 in killed and wounded, including 89 commissioned officers.

Notwithstanding this severe lesson, the English generals actually contrived to lose Boston in precisely the same manner, by allowing the Americans to occupy the heights of Dorchester, which commanded the town and the British lines. Howe was obliged to evacuate the place, carrying with him whatever his ships would hold, and about 2000 American royalists, who durst not remain behind when he was gone. The worst remains to be told. He left—for want of room in the ships—250 pieces of cannon, half of which were serviceable, four large mortars, 150 horses, 25,000 bushels of wheat, and a quantity of barley, oats, and other provisions—of which Washington’s army stood greatly in need—and a large quantity of ammunition, which ought to have been destroyed. His force did not much exceed 7000 men, while Washington’s, including militia and volunteers, was between 25,000 and 30,000. To complete all the woful blunders which had been committed, Howe, in sailing away, left no cruiser in Boston Bay to warn the ships expected from England that the place was no longer in our possession; and a few days after several of our store ships sailed into the harbour, and fell into the hands



of the enemy. One of these ships alone, the *Hope*, had on board 1500 barrels of gunpowder, besides carbines, bayonets, gun-carriages, and all sorts of tools for the army and artillery. Yet worse, Lieut. Archibald Campbell, with 700 men fresh from England, ran into Boston harbour, not knowing but that the place was still in our hands. He was taken, of course, and became in the hands of the Americans a subject for brutal retaliation.—p. 261. From a war so conducted what could be hoped?

Of all the men who were engaged in bringing the great struggle of their country to a successful termination, Washington and Franklin were probably the most effective—the former in a military, the latter in a diplomatic capacity. Not that we look upon Washington as a general of the best class; he was once or twice preserved from the destruction that would have been consequent upon his rashness, by General Lee, who, whatever else he might be, appears to have possessed the talents fitted for a soldier. It was the sound views of Washington, and his firmness in carrying them out in spite of opposition, that rendered him so valuable to his country, and so formidable to her invaders. His firmness, indeed, ran to the excess of obstinacy; a memorable instance of which was furnished by the case of Major André. Great as is our respect for Washington, we cannot rid ourselves of the feeling, that his conduct towards that unfortunate and amiable officer is a slur upon his character. We know that his decision was sanctioned by the opinions of a council of war, composed of generals of other nations, as well as of his own, and better acquainted with the laws of war than he: still, had he felt inclined to spare, there were circumstances in the case of his victim, and in the conduct of General Clinton towards Americans similarly circumstanced, which furnished him at once with example and excuse. We believe that he had no wish to spare, and hence the nature of our feelings towards him. The case of Captain Asgill, too, though he ultimately spared him to the strong remonstrances of the court of France, did him no credit. Perhaps the brightest and the greatest action of his life was that by which, after having saved his country, he relinquished a course of power which was open to him, and retired into private life.

Benjamin Franklin was a man as great in another way as Washington was in his, though in some respects of a more unfortunate notoriety—unfortunate, we mean, as regards himself. He it was who was sent to carry out the negotiations in France which Silas Dean had begun, and to his talents chiefly the co-operation of that country in the views of America may be ascribed. Besides his great natural talents, he was a philosopher

in our sense of the word, and a *philosophe* in theirs—a very different thing—including, besides the requisites which we look for in the character, republicanism and scepticism. Franklin believed in some things, and doubted some; he believed, for instance, in the identity of lightning and electricity, and in the perfectibility of man, but he doubted revelation. His friends in France were more liberal; they also doubted revelation, but they believed in everything else. He was quite the rage in Paris.

In 1778, Silas Dean concluded the treaty between France and America. This man, judging both from his portrait and his proceedings, was a genuine American, clever, crafty, and not over nice; probably, what is now called in the new world, a *smart* man. It was said that he was aware of the intention of the man called Jack the Painter to burn our dock-yards at Portsmouth and Plymouth; that he approved of that intention, and promised to reward the incendiary if he succeeded in it. Such a plan appears, without doubt, to have been entertained by both the French and Spanish ministers, not, we believe, with the knowledge of Louis XVI., but not, in all probability, without that of Charles III. Whether Dean was actually cognisant of the plot, it may perhaps be fair to doubt, as we have no other evidence than that of the culprit himself, who, however, continued to assert it to the last, when he had nothing either to gain or lose by doing so.

France had entered into the war in favour of America. The king, as we have his own word for it at a subsequent period, was averse from the measure, but the queen and her party appear to have been all powerful, and they were ardent to the verge of insanity in favour of the war.\* In their anxiety to strike a blow against Great Britain, which they flattered themselves would lay her prostrate at their feet, they forgot the dreadful emphasis with which it would recoil upon themselves. Their country was already bankrupt, their means exhausted, their people starving; disaffection was spreading through the kingdom; the annual expenditure was immensely greater than the utmost revenue that could be wrung from a people who were reduced to beggary, and even to famine, to pay it; and yet, in the face of all this, they hurried into a ruinous war for the sake

\* A story is told—we cannot vouch for the truth of it—that Commodore Barney being sent to France from the United States, was received with such enthusiasm at court, that the queen allowed him to salute her. The court ladies, of course, followed the example, and the consequence was, that wherever he appeared, fair cheeks were offered him by dozens; and this, it is said, was the origin of the once popular song of ‘Barney, leave the girls alone.’

of inflicting injury on us. Turgot, the most able and upright of all the ministers of Louis, had been dismissed for his opposition to the war, and had been succeeded by Necker and Calonne, the former of whom, a mere banker, and no statesman, would have saved France by petty retrenchments, and loans, which nobody at last would lend; the latter by no retrenchments at all, and apparently by no other expedients when he found that further taxation was impossible. Finding that money must be had, and that it *could* not be wrung from the ruined and starving people, he ventured to convoke the assembly of the notables, and proposed to them that they should take a share in the burdens of the state (for the nobles and the clergy paid no taxes), and especially that they should agree to a tax upon the land. This proved his ruin; the notables would make no pecuniary sacrifice, nor give up any privilege; and in order to excuse their conduct, they asserted that their contributions were not necessary, and even accused Calonne of mismanagement and speculation, though it was sufficiently obvious that the affairs of the revenue, when he assumed the management, were in a hopeless state. He was dismissed in disgrace, and consigned to poverty and destitution for his patriotic advice, the courtiers whom he had bountifully supplied with money while it could be had, turning their backs upon him when he fell, as that species of animal (and others, too, indeed) is apt to do on any man who is out of fortune's favour. Calonne, however, was so far fortunate, that the rich widow of a financier in Lorraine, captivated by his talents and manners, took pity on him in his utmost need, and bestowed upon him herself and her fortune. He was succeeded by Loménie de Brienne, a bold, ambitious, pragmatistical churchman, who talked much, and did little or nothing. In fact, nothing could be done. Many years before, Lord Chesterfield, writing from Paris, had said, that every sign of a great and terrible revolution was visible in France, and the event justified his penetration.

It became necessary to convoke the states-general—that is, to add the representatives of the people to the notables, that since nothing could be done for the nation by others, they might do, if possible, something for themselves; and this was the beginning of the end.

The states-general being assembled, it was obvious that the notables, or privileged orders, were pitted against the Tiers Etat, that their respective interests were inimical, and that the question was, which of them should give way? Feudal privileges, exemptions, and monopolies, on the one hand, and suffering and degradation on the other, had gone to such extremes, that one or both must have been done away with, unless a middle



course could have been found. As usual, the obstinacy of the privileged classes, including the clergy, who are ever the most obstinate in opposing the general good, rendered this middle course impossible. They came to the resolution, that they would contribute *nothing* to the necessities of the state on the one hand, nor give up any of their privileges on the other. It then became both the duty and the interest of the middle classes to force them to submit to the pressure of the times. The first advantage gained by the 'Tiers Etat' was that of procuring the meeting of the three estates in one deliberative body. Formerly, the nobles, the clergy, and the 'Tiers', met and deliberated in separate bodies, and voted *as* bodies, not as individuals; the consequence of which was, that the last-named estate was always sure of having two votes against their one. The battle on this point was obstinate, but the 'Tiers' had, from the beginning, many of the privileged orders on their side. Mirabeau, La Fayette, Talleyrand the Bishop of Autun, the Bishop of Chartres, a good, but not a great man, the Duke of Orleans, Egalité, and many of the inferior clergy—the working clergy—the only members of that body who were respected by the people. It is the opinion of M. Thiers that matters might have been accommodated, but then, says he, 'it would have been necessary to meet the difficulty instead of giving way to it, and, above all, to sacrifice numerous pretensions.'\* These pretensions, as we have said, the notables refused to sacrifice.† The 'Tiers Etat' persevered; it was obvious that the nation was with them; and the court and nobles endeavoured, as far as it could be done with the least degree of prudence, to put them down. It was evident that the court faction was only temporising until the Maréchal de Broglie could accumulate a sufficient army round Versailles to do that by force which they had attempted in vain by other means. All at once, the whole of Paris, not the mere populace only, burst into a state of insurrection, the public depôts, the Hospital des Invalides, and others, were plundered of forty or fifty thousand stand of arms, which were distributed among the citizens; the army was found to favour them: once, and once only, the guards of France were induced to fire upon the people; their next step was to attack the German forces under the Prince Lambesc, who had attempted to disperse the multitudes. The soldiery of the Duke de Broglie were found to be of the same mind as their comrades; and from that moment it was evident that the king was in the hands of the people.

It was necessary that we should give this brief and condensed

\* Thiers' History of the French Revolution.

† These notables were not unaptly described by La Fayette's punning designation of '*not-ables*.'

account of the commencement of this greatest revolution of modern times, in order to prepare the way for a few remarks on the origin and causes of it. We had drawn up, with some little pains, for the behoof of the general reader, the characters of several of the leading men at the commencement of the Revolution, with respect to whom we differ in some particulars from commonly received opinions. We regret to find that our space will not allow us to introduce these notices—we may find another opportunity. We come therefore to the question,—What were the principal causes of the Revolution?

In the first place, one of the predisposing causes may be looked for, in the state of political and moral degradation to which the middle and lower classes in France had always been subjected. They had none of the patriotic feeling which proprietorship and an interest in the state impart to the same classes here. The victories of our kings in France were won principally by the stout hearts and hands of our yeomanry—small proprietors—a race unknown in France, men who carried arms, to the use of which they were daily accustomed from their youth, while the soldiers of the French armies were soldiers only for the time, accustomed, for the occasion only, to wield those arms which their seigneurs dared not entrust to them at other times, lest they should be turned against themselves. The commons were not recognised as an order in the state, except in name. They had no control over the public purse, as in England, or indeed over anything else. Their parliaments, when convened, had nothing to do but to register the edicts of the king. Free agency they had none; they held almost their lives by sufferance. They were trampled on as dirt by the privileged orders; they were not allowed to respect themselves, and they could not respect their tyrants; and this may possibly account for many of the excesses to which they went.

Another grand grievance of the nation and cause of the revolution was, that monstrous system which may be summed up in the few words of the profligate courtiers of the times of the Jacquerie, that ‘Jacques Bonhomme should pay for all,’—that is, that none but the common people should bear the burdens of the state. The clergy, who arrogated to themselves the title of the first estate, and the noblesse, were in possession of above two-thirds of all the landed property of the kingdom. In addition to this, they engrossed all preferments of every kind. Everything worth having in the church, all governorships, commands of fortresses, &c., the portfolios of the state, all commissions in the army and navy, all monopolies—and these were many—in short, everything including profit and preferment, was theirs, and theirs only, besides a multitude of antiquated and

grinding feudal privileges. And these men, thus shamelessly endowed, as if in mockery of human misery, claimed, and were allowed, an entire exemption from all taxation, and threw the whole expenses of the state, necessary and unnecessary, of internal government, of foreign wars, and of a swarming and profligate court, on the middle classes and the working population. The people had often before endeavoured to shake off the intolerable yoke by insurrections, of which that of the *Jacquerie* was the most formidable and bloody, but as yet without success. Their time, however, had now arrived.

A third cause may be looked for in the writings and doctrines of the school of the *philosophes*, which certainly had a very considerable effect on the mind of the nation at large, though we are inclined to think not quite to the extent, nor quite in the same way, as is generally supposed. They spoke of the rights of man—and man has his rights. If he is in possession of those rights, to put him in mind of them will only increase his thankfulness and contentment; it is only where he is denied his rights that the mention of them can be dangerous. The soil, in fact, was prepared for these husbandmen beforehand. They did not invent the grievances, they only dared to call attention to them. The great majority of every nation consists of naturally peaceable and well-disposed persons. A nation was never yet driven into insurrection by being reminded of its rights, unless it felt its wrongs. An engineer may lay a train of powder to a castle, and apply the match, but no disruption of the fortress will take place unless a mine has been previously prepared within it. Probably, then, the principal effect that the writings of the philosophers had, in a *political* point of view, was to awaken the perceptions of many *above the lower classes*, to the dangers of the existing state of things, and the necessity of change. As to the infidelity, the religion of nature, or the no-religion which they taught, it would scarcely, if believed in, exert a more baneful effect on the morals of the nation than the no-religion which already existed among them, or that thing with the name of religion which allowed them to live as though there were none. A religion which sanctioned the dragonnades, and banishments of Louis XIV., and the disgusting sensualities of the court of Louis XV., where might be seen, during the ascendancy of Madame du Barry, the highest dignitaries of the church attending the toilet of the monarch's harlot, and jostling with each other for the honour of presenting her stockings, and handing her slippers. We almost doubt whether open infidelity would not have been some degrees better than such religion. In fact, the profligacy of the clergy in France had long been beyond conception—the working men, the curés, only excepted; and the religion which the philosopher endeavoured to destroy—it was not Christianity—was little



better in its practical effects than none. A great part of the atrocities of the Revolution has been attributed to the infidelity or atheism of the people; we shall show presently, from historical facts, that this could not have been the *cause*. Robespierre, even in his hottest career of murder, not only avowed his belief in a Supreme Being, but actually restored his worship—such as it was. If the philosophers had never existed, the Revolution would not have been less certain, (though it might have been deferred,) nor less bloody when it came; and the manner in which they principally promoted it appears to us to be, that they taught men *to think* (whether right or wrong is not just now the question) and to perceive that they had a *right* to think *for themselves*; and nothing can be more inimical to despotism, either civil or religious, than this.

The greatly increasing numbers of the privileged classes might also tend to accelerate the Revolution, not only as they added to the burdens of the people, but as numbers of them, notwithstanding the power and resources of the monarchy, must remain unprovided for, either by employments or sinecures, and who were therefore ready to further any changes by which their fortunes might be mended. Numbers of such men figured in the Revolution.

We have said that the American war produced an effect on the aspect of things in France. It did so in two ways—by greatly increasing the financial difficulties of the state, and by preparing the minds of the soldiery for promoting that state of things at home which they had witnessed and admired abroad. Here again the soil was prepared for the seed which it was destined to receive. La Fayette also had returned to France full of admiration of liberty, and equality, and imagining himself the regenerator of the old world and the new, and he was placed at the head of the army. There is another consideration also, which, it is justly remarked, might have induced the soldiery to join the people—that is, the kind of outlawry to which they, as well as the people, were condemned. Not, of course, that anything could be required of them beyond their service to the king, nor could they be liable to be ground by taxes; but many of them were of respectable families of the middle classes; yet such was the broad line drawn between them and the privileged orders, that it was impossible for any one of them to rise beyond the ranks; whatever their talents, merit, or length of service, they could never hope for promotion. In the reign of Louis XIV., no man who was not noble, by at least four descents, could hold the rank of Captain. Whether *this* precise regulation was in force at the time of which we are writing, we know not; but the rule as to nobility was more strictly enforced than ever, perhaps

for the cause to which we have alluded—the great increase of the privileged classes. It was natural enough, therefore, that the soldiery should be willing to advance a movement, which would throw open to them, as well as to the middle and lower classes generally, a way of rising in the world—the only one that they could ever hope for. Thus it was that an absurd and vicious system of government had united against it every class of society but the two which profited by it, and which were, from their follies and their vices, the least able to uphold it.

The ruinous wars of Louis XIV., and the profligate expenditure of his successor (to say nothing of the Regency), which had entirely exhausted the resources of the kingdom, must also be taken into the account.

So much for the *causes*, remote and proximate, of the Revolution. One of its greatest *errors*, and which entailed upon it the greatest odium under which it labours, was the bringing back of the king and his family from Varennes when they were attempting to leave the kingdom. This was the opinion of Napoleon, which he stated to Mr. O'Meara in after days, who published it in his 'Voice from St. Helena.' What ought they to have done, said the ex-Emperor, when they found the king at Varennes, attempting to escape from France, and within a short distance of the frontiers,—clearly, they should have let him go. They might then have declared the throne vacant by his flight, and have established their republic without attaching to it the odium of royal blood.

French writers of a later date have endeavoured to charge the crimes of the Revolution on the nobles and clergy exclusively, and to exonerate the people; and writers on this side the Channel, in their turn, have accused the people only, and have, moreover, attributed the enormities which they committed to the influence of infidelity and atheism.

On all these points we differ with them. All history shows, as the author of the work before us remarks, and no one acquainted with the history of France can doubt it, that the national character has always been essentially sanguinary, and that clergy, nobles, and people, have in this respect been quite alike. Many are the periods in their history, in which atrocities as great, or greater than those of the Revolution, have been perpetrated by each and all of these orders, showing, as we conceive, that no one part of the nation can be singled out as more blameworthy than the others; and that no one mode of thinking on religious subjects has, more than any other, restrained or stimulated their thirst of blood.

For historical proof of this, we must be satisfied with referring the reader to the accounts of the civil wars of the Jacquerie, in

the reign of King John; and to those of the feuds between the Armagnacs and Burgundians, in the time of Charles VI., in which all orders of the nation were engaged, and in which such crimes were perpetrated, as throw the most glaring atrocities of the Revolution completely into shade. To shew that no modes of thinking, as regards religion, could make the nation at the time of the Revolution worse than it always had been, we merely direct attention to the wholesale extermination of the Protestants by Francis I., who destroyed two whole towns, murdering the greater part of the inhabitants, and sending the survivors to the galleys; to the massacre of St. Bartholomew by Charles IX.; and the dragonnades and proscriptions of Louis XIV.; all of which were perpetrated in the name, not of atheism, but of religion, and by men who professed to glory in the name of Christians.

The best and greatest of the English nation had hailed with joy the commencement of the French Revolution, and the destruction of its despotism; little expecting, of course, what was to follow. Perhaps there was no one kingdom upon earth in which the sudden disruption of existing social ties was likely to be followed by such tremendous consequences. Had things continued as they were at first, and had the first men of the Revolution remained in power, the result might have been different; but when they retired, and their places were seized by noisy, and furious, and unprincipled demagogues, their ruin came apace, and the end was, as in similar cases it generally has been—a military despotism. We are no constitution-makers, like the Abbé Sieyès; but it certainly appears to us, that of all the nations of Europe, the French are the least fitted for a republican form of government. The ‘fiercedemocracy’ of Athens, with all their levity and all their violence, were lambs compared with Frenchmen; nor can we conceive of any government without a dash of despotism in it, that could consolidate or keep in order such materials.

We must now refer to the great events which were passing at this period in India, and to the career of the two extraordinary men by whom our eastern empire was founded and established; we allude, of course, to Clive and Warren Hastings.

To detail the courses of these great men would be to give the history of British India during their administration, which, of course, we cannot do. Of Lord Clive nothing in a public sense is known previous to the capture of Madras in 1746, by the French admiral La Bourdonnaye, where Clive, among others, was taken prisoner. He had been sent out to India as a writer, but the pen was not the weapon which his nature fitted him to wield. He appears to have been born a soldier, and his pugnacious propensities manifested themselves at a very early period.

An abstract love of fighting, however, which may be merely a



matter of taste, does not constitute a general; but Clive had a clearness of head, a firmness of mind, a promptitude and self-confidence in military matters, which made him, as it were by instinct, a great commander. Nor were the good qualities of the heart wanting, of which his kindness and generosity to his family and friends furnish sufficient proof. The principal failings of his youthful character appear to have been 'impatience of control, and an impracticable firmness'—that is, obstinacy—and a haughtiness and pride of soul, which, we fear, were greatly instrumental in bringing about his final catastrophe. He appears to have been subject to a deep degree of constitutional melancholy, and on one occasion made an attempt on his own life. At this time he was quite young, and in no way connected with public affairs, which circumstance ought in fairness to be borne in mind, when looking at the manner of his death, which his enemies did not fail to attribute to the operation of an evil conscience. Being taken prisoner at Madras, he, with others, gave his parole, but the commandant of Pondicherry, Dupleix, having broken the terms which La Bourdonnaye had granted, Clive escaped to Fort St. David. At the attack of Pondicherry (by Admiral Boscawen) he first distinguished himself, and afterwards, more brilliantly, at Arcot. In 1753 he came to England, but returned to India in 1755. After the capture of Gheriah, and other operations, Calcutta was retaken from Suraj-u-Dowlah, of black-hole notoriety, who was forced to make peace; having afterwards quarrelled again with the English, the celebrated battle of Plassey took place, which established the fame of Clive, and from which, when he was raised to the peerage, he took one of his titles. Suraj\*-u-Dowlah was afterwards deposed, and Meer Jaffier raised to the Musnud, who, of course, became eventually the mere creature of the Company. It was during the transactions which led to this deposition—for it was effected in a great measure by intrigue—that the affair of Omichund took place, which was afterwards brought forward as one of the charges against Lord Clive. This man was a Hindu seit, banker, or money-lender, immensely rich, and employed by Suraj-u-Dowlah; he had entered into the scheme for dethroning that prince, but a little before it was to have been put in execution, he threatened to disclose the whole plan, unless the English would guarantee to him the sum of thirty lacs of rupees—about £300,000. With this enormous demand it was impossible to comply, yet the disclosure of the plot would have devoted to a cruel and inevitable death all the English within the power of Suraj, as well as most of his own principal officers—for he appears to have been much hated—of whom

\* Sir J. Malcolm spells this name '*Sujah*.'

Meer Jaffier, his destined successor, was one. It became necessary, therefore, by some means to silence the old seith; and a fictitious treaty was drawn up, purporting to be that agreed upon with Meer Jaffier, by which the sum demanded by Omichund was secured to him, while the real treaty contained no stipulation of the kind. The sudden discovery of this fraud at the termination of the affair had such an effect on Omichund, that he fell immediately into a fit, and during the two remaining years of his life never recovered the full use of his faculties; before that time he had been remarkable for the acuteness of his intellect. It should be stated that in this transaction Lord Clive had acted with the full consent of Admiral Watson and the council. Soon after he was made Governor of Bengal. Having repulsed Schah Zada, who had invaded the territories of Meer Jaffier, and established the latter in his government, he received from him a jaghire—a grant of lands, or in this instance, of the revenue arising from lands—which were farmed by the Company at Calcutta, amounting in value to £30,000 a year. This grant was afterwards disputed in England, though at that time there was no law to prevent the servants of the Company from receiving presents. In 1760, Clive again returned to England, where he quarrelled with one Sullivan, at that time the leading man at the India House, of whom anon. In 1765, he again assumed the government of Bengal, where he acquired for the Company the Duannee of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa; and, unfortunately for himself, reformed the civil service. In 1767, he resigned, and returned finally to England, having secured on firm foundations the interests of the Company, and raised them from a set of merchant adventurers to the dignity of an independent power. For his reward, he was met by a number of charges, which were brought against him by the before-mentioned Mr. Sullivan, whose name will be floated down to posterity by being attached to Clive's, like a barnacle to a man-of-war, and his friends, the Bengal men, as they were termed—friends and dependants, who had been sent to India by Sullivan and others, but who had been prevented from accumulating riches by plundering the country, in consequence of the unsparing reforms which Clive had instituted. The nature of the charges brought against him, and the completeness with which he refuted them, may be judged of by the following specimen. The fourth charge ran as follows:—‘A monopoly of salt, betel, and tobacco, and other commodities; which occasioned the late famine.’ ‘How,’ said Clive, in his first speech in the house, ‘a monopoly of salt, betel, and tobacco, in the years 1765 and 1766, could occasion a want of rain and a scarcity of rice in the year 1770, is *past my comprehension*.’

The house acquitted him. All that his enemies could obtain

was a vote that he had, at certain times, and from certain persons specified, received sums of money amounting to £234,000: when it was proposed to add to the vote the words, that 'in so doing he did abuse the powers with which he was intrusted, to the evil example of the servants of the public,' the house almost unanimously rejected the motion; and immediately, and almost by acclamation, passed another vote, that 'at the same time he had rendered great and meritorious services to his country.'\*

The honourable acquittal of this extraordinary man, whom we believe to have been innocent of the crimes so lavishly imputed to him, is doubly grateful when we consider the paltry motives which originated the proceedings against him, namely, private revenge, and mercantile rapacity. He had robbed, they said, and plundered, the native princes of India, and therefore it was fit that he should disgorge the spoil. But was that spoil to be returned to those from whom it had been wrested? O no! by no means; it must be returned to the Company! What had the Company to do with it? If it were indeed obtained by robbery, the former owners were the rightful claimants. If fairly obtained, with the free will of the donors, it was the property of his lordship, and of no one else. Either way, the claim of the Company was a dishonest fiction, and such the house appears to have thought it. The Company took care to keep their share of the plunder, that is, the territory, and have it to this day.

Though his enemies, however, had failed to ruin him in one way, they had done it in another. His high spirit had been wrung and tortured by the suspicions which were cast upon him and the proceedings to which he had been subjected. The whole press, almost, had sided with his accusers; nothing was believed on his side, nothing was disbelieved on theirs. His health had been broken by long exertion of body and mind in a trying climate; his liver was greatly deranged; he was tormented by gall stones, and had been long in the habit of taking large quantities of opium. He went to the Continent, and to other places, but returned worse than he went. At length he was seized with a violent paroxysm of his old complaint; on the second day of the attack, getting worse, he took an unusually large dose of opium, in the hope of allaying his sufferings; it failed of its proper effect, and, of course, increased the misery of his body, and the excitement of his mind; and in this state he terminated his own existence, on the 22nd of November, 1774, at the comparatively early age of forty-nine.

Malice pursued him even in his grave: it was asserted that he

\* Sir J. Malcolm, v. iii., pp. 359-60.



destroyed himself from remorse of conscience; and two physicians, who gave it as their opinion that his mind was affected from the state of his bodily health, were absolutely hooted down. Nothing, however, was proved against him; and here we must beg our readers to recal to their recollection our former statement, that once before, in the prime of life, before he entered upon his public course, from sheer constitutional melancholy, he had attempted suicide. Let us not judge him harshly: it will be wiser and worthier to content ourselves with wishing, that *we* may never be subjected to the pressure of such accumulated temptation.

Warren Hastings was descended from a noble, but decayed family, and was born 6th December, 1732. The very commencement of his life took place under somewhat unusual circumstances, for his father had very imprudently married at the age of fifteen, and was no more than seventeen when his son was born, who, like Clive, was committed to the care of an uncle, by whom he was placed at Westminster School, where he distinguished himself; but his uncle dying, left him to the care of a more distant relative, connected with the India House, who sent him out to India as a writer. In the war against Suraj-u-Dowlah, he served as a volunteer. Afterwards, his abilities having recommended him to the notice of his superiors, he was sent to the court of Moorshedabad, where he conducted many delicate affairs with great discretion. Here he discovered that the grant of their territories to the Company was of such a nature, that their title to them depended on the arbitrary will of the nabob for the time being; and he succeeded in rendering to the Company the important service of procuring for them a new grant in perpetuity. Subsequently he was made a member of the council; and it is said, that he was favourable to the just claims of Meer Cossim, and considered the proceedings against him as highly disgraceful—as beyond all doubt they were. After the rupture with Meer Cossim, Mr. Hastings returned to England in 1764. He had realized a moderate fortune; a good part of which he is stated to have lost by the failure of the persons in India to whom he had intrusted it. He was neither a lover of money, nor, it should seem, a good manager of it. From all these causes his affairs became embarrassed, and he made known his desire of returning to India. At first his application appears to have been unsuccessful; but having been examined before the House of Commons, on the system of government pursued by the Company in India, his 'clear and masterly views drew upon him the regard both of the minister and court of directors,' and he was appointed, in the winter of 1768, to the office of second in council at Fort St. George, (Madras.) In 1769 he returned to India, and it was

on his outward voyage that the strange events occurred which led to his second marriage.

On board the vessel in which he sailed, he found a German family, consisting of the Baron Imhoff, his wife, and two children. The lady being an accomplished and very fascinating woman, Mr. Hastings became strongly attached to her; and the affection proving mutual, a house was provided for the baron's family at Madras, by Mr. Hastings, who became a constant visitor; and a suit for a divorce was immediately instituted by the Baroness in the Franconian courts, the Baron consenting, and Hastings supplying the means. After some years, a favourable decree was obtained, and the Baron returned to Germany with money enough to purchase an estate, leaving his wife to Mr. Hastings, and throwing his two sons into the bargain. The lady became the wife of the Governor-General, and in that capacity, at least, was irreproachable. We consider this as one of the most objectionable passages in the whole career of Hastings, notwithstanding that it meets with the unqualified approbation of the Rev. Mr. Gleig.

The case of Nuncomar, the celebrated Hindu financier, who was hanged for forgery, is one of those that have been most insisted on to the detriment of Hastings. This Nuncomar was his bitter enemy, because he had appointed Mahomed Reza Khan to the post of financier, which Nuncomar had coveted; and under the auspices of General Clavering, Colonel Monson, and Sir Philip (then Mr.) Francis, who formed the majority of the council, was bringing forward charges of corruption against the Governor, which, if not averted, must have crushed him. In the midst of his proceeding Nuncomar was arrested for the forgery of a deed committed some years before, tried, found guilty, and executed, in spite of the endeavours of the council to save him. Mr. Gleig, who on this, as on all other occasions, would have his hero immaculate, accounts for his non-interference in favour of the culprit, by asserting that the power of pardon lay with the majority of the council, who on all occasions thwarted and opposed the Governor. Now, in the first place, we believe it to be the general conviction that Hastings himself had *originated the proceeding*,\* though it was ostensibly brought forward by a native; and secondly, though we are not deep in Indian affairs, we believe that the judge only, who was then independent of the council, could have pardoned the criminal; if the council *could* have done it, we believe, from their known animosity to Hastings, that they would. It was certainly hard, to use the mildest term, to hang a man under English law, for

\* He denied it, however, in unqualified terms, at the bar of the House of Commons.

that which in his own country was not a capital crime; and under what, in his individual case, was, moreover, an *ex post facto* law: but nothing less would have saved the Governor. The culpability appears to lie between Hastings and Sir Elijah Impey, who was on all occasions his thorough-going friend.

Neither delicacy, difficulty, nor doubt, can attach to the case of the Begums of Oude. From the war in the Carnatic, the defence of Surat and Bombay, and other causes, immense demands were being made upon the Company's resources, which were completely exhausted. But money must be had, the only question was, from whence? The nabob of Oude had been taken under the Company's protection, and of course was greatly in their debt; the screw, therefore, must be put on him: but English rapacity and his own profusion had ruined him; he had no money: no matter, the two Begums, his mother and grandmother, had. He had attempted to plunder them himself, and they had thrown themselves on the English government for protection, which, on certain conditions, which the Begums fulfilled, had guaranteed to them, by solemn treaty, the possession of their property. It was this property, so guaranteed, that Hastings resolved to seize. Prettexts, however, were necessary. Spoliation by the strong hand, merely, would have compromised what Hastings and his coadjutors, in the ardour of an imagination which led them to give to airy nothing an existence and a name, had denominated 'the honour and reputation of the council.' Charges were therefore brought against the poor old ladies, which, in themselves, could not be proved; and which, had they been truth itself, would have formed no justification for the 'honourable and reputable' governor and council. These charges the council proved to their own entire satisfaction: the residence of the Begums was taken—no treasure was discovered—but they found the treasurers, who knew nothing. With them it was resolved to try the effect of *oriental means*; they were accordingly imprisoned, starved, and *tortured*, on the calculation (!) that, if they were as ignorant as they said they were, their mistresses would be so far moved by their sufferings as to give up the treasures of their own accord. This calculation proved to be correct—the Indian princesses had hearts, though Hastings had none; and in the course of twelve months, during which time the process continued, they were plundered of upwards of a million and a quarter sterling; their lands were taken from them, and they themselves, for anything that appears to the contrary, were reduced to poverty.

It is idle to say, that Hastings himself was not implicated in the transaction, though the poor sufferers were made to believe



so; for his own letters to Mr. Middleton, his agent in the business, are extant, in which he accuses him of being 'chicken-hearted, too much moved by the tears of two old women,' &c. There is, as we conceive, but one man in the world who would venture to express his approbation of this transaction—that one is Mr. Gleig. We would not judge harshly of a man who finds himself so harassed by difficulties, that to stand still is impossible, while to retrograde would be utter ruin, and to go on a moral delinquency. We know, also, that the statesman is often unfavourably placed for the observance of the moral duties, and everything with him occasionally gives way to political necessity. So much is this the case, that a different code of morals is virtually, and, perhaps, unconsciously, applied to the practices of public and of private life. Over mere political delinquency the mantle of political morality is stretched, and, to say the truth, it is tolerably elastic, but there are extremes to which, even in political transactions, a statesman cannot go without placing himself beyond the reach of even that large protection; proving that his aberrations are not more the vices of his station than the errors of his heart.

It was doubtless the wish of the ministry to take the patronage and government of India into their own hands; and the appointment of four commissioners, three of whom were totally inimical to Mr. Hastings, and opposed his measures at every point, was the commencement of their plan—the forced resignation of the Governor-General being probably their first object. Of these three malcontents, Sir Philip Francis was the most deserving of notice; indeed, it is impossible to pass him by without some remark, as he was an extraordinary man, and the plausibility of his claim to the authorship of the Letters of Junius has invested him with an additional interest.\* His enmity to Hastings appears to have been not only political but personal, and that to an intense degree. The wound which he received in his duel with the Governor-General was the proximate cause of his return to

\* As we have no room for saying what we wished on this subject, we will just relate an anecdote, not generally known, but which *we know* to be authentic. At a party at the late Lord Holland's, at which, among many others, Sir Philip Francis, and Mr. Rogers, the poet, were present, Lady Holland requested the latter gentleman to ascertain, if possible, from Sir Philip, whether he really were Junius or not. Mr. R. accordingly, watching his opportunity, addressed him with, 'Will you, Sir Philip, allow me to ask you one question?' Sir Philip drew himself up, placed his hands on his sides, and answered in a somewhat menacing tone, 'At your peril, sir!' 'Well, Mr. Rogers,' said Lady Holland, some time after, 'is Sir Philip Junius?' 'Madam,' replied the poet, 'I can only say, that if he is Junius at all, he must be Junius *Brutus*.'

Europe; and the prosecution of the latter in the House of Lords was carried forward principally by means of his information and assistance. He was a first-rate hater.

The impeachment of Hastings, as every one knows, after enduring for more than seven years, terminated in his acquittal. More elastic in his mental constitution than Lord Clive, he does not appear to have suffered greatly in health or spirits by the process; but his means were ruined. His fortune was not remarkable for his times and opportunities; from a residence of thirty years in India, during thirteen of which he had been Governor-General, he returned with a fortune of not more than £130,000, a far smaller sum than Francis had accumulated in six years; and the expenses of his living, and the costs of his long trial, had dissipated all. The Company, however, appreciating his great services, would have paid the expenses of his trial, and settled £5000 a year on him for life; but, for some inscrutable reason or other, Pitt thought proper to interfere and prevent the arrangement: from what motive—excepting the ‘*potentiæ sacra fames*,’ which was the master-passion of his mind, and which would not willingly suffer others to regulate even their own affairs, if they were of sufficient importance to be worth his interference—it is difficult to say. It was finally settled by voting to Hastings a sum of £4000 a year, for twenty-eight years and a half, from Midsummer, 1785; and a loan of £50,000 for eighteen years, without interest. He survived the term of the annuity, and the grant was prolonged for the time of his natural life. He retired to Daylesford, the seat of his ancestors, which he had repurchased, and died in his eighty-sixth year, on the 22nd of August, 1818. By a somewhat remarkable coincidence, his old coadjutor and sworn foe, Sir Philip Francis, departed this life in the summer of the same year, aged seventy-eight.\*

On a dispassionate view of the subject, we think it must be obvious that each of these great men was placed in a very unenviable position; and that many of their difficulties, and consequently of their actions, arose out of the uncontrollable circumstances of the case. For what purpose were they sent out? Certainly to preserve India to the Company and the nation; and, had they not done so, they might have been impeached for losing it. *If*, therefore, India was, at all hazards, to be preserved, it follows of course that they must shrink from no step that was necessary to preserve it. So that, as regarded the end in view, they were not free agents, and only such, to a limited extent, with respect to means. Distant as they were from the authorities under whom they acted, it was impossible to wait for orders in any emergency; all that could therefore be required of them

\* Annual Biography.

was, to act with the consent of the supreme council: doing this, they were, in common fairness, to be held blameless; and this *was* the case with Clive. In the deposition of Suraj-u-Dowlah, and the substitution of Meer Jaffier in his place, including the transaction by which the double-dealing villain, Omichund, was over-reached, he acted with the consent of Admiral Watson and the council; and this, we believe, was the most questionable transaction in which his lordship was engaged. Hastings was even more unfortunately circumstanced. With a council that thwarted him on every occasion, he found himself obliged to act on his personal responsibility; nor did he shrink from the risk. Perhaps it was better that he did not; perhaps it was *because* he did not, that events were brought to so early and satisfactory a conclusion: as one head and one will must always be better in an exigency than divided counsels, and consequently nugatory action. There was, however, one grand difference between the two governors-general; Clive was always in favour of peace, and averse from aggression. Hastings was fond of war, and the acquisition of territory; we might have guessed, therefore, which of the two would be likely to lay himself most open to all kinds of imputations, and just so it happened.

In the comparative infancy of the Company's affairs, when Clive assumed the direction of their armies, it was impossible that he should be stationary. The French and the Dutch were disputing with the English the possession of their settlements, and to break their power, and that of the native princes who assisted them, was the only way to consolidate our own. But unfortunately, when this was done, a field was opened for conquest and aggression, which it required some virtue not to occupy. Clive, however, had the moderation to stop short of the boundary to which he might have gone. He considered that an indefinite extent of conquest would neither be justifiable nor beneficial to the Company; and when the whole kingdom of Oude was at his mercy, he acted up to his convictions, and restored it to its native prince: not so Hastings, not so his successors. In fact, the whole of our Indian policy, from the days of Warren Hastings to those of Lord Ellenborough inclusive, has been most wicked and abominable; and, excepting expediency, 'the tyrant's plea,' has been utterly without excuse. Yet there is one consideration in favour of Hastings; with all his getting, he got little for himself. If he dipped his hands in blood, it was for others; though he must have known that the stain would attach itself peculiarly to him. The treatment of the two Governors by the Company and by ministers, is not the least singular part of their adventures. Clive was not the Company's body and soul; he confirmed and extended their authority,



but he prevented them from plundering their subjects—him they persecuted. Hastings committed all kinds of iniquity in their service; but he enlarged their territory, and filled their purses—him they rewarded. Government made Clive a peer, and prosecuted Hastings, for Pitt supported the charges. Both parties, we suppose, were right upon their own principles, and wrong on those of their opponents. The conduct of both may be accounted for in the same manner as that of the knights of the gold and silver shield—they looked at different sides of the same object.

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Art. III. 1. *A Sermon preached before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, at St. Paul's, on Friday, May 9th, 1843.* By the Lord Bishop of Norwich. London: Hatchard and Son.

2. *Tracts for the Times.* By Members of the University of Oxford. Nos. 4, 5, 10, 11, 15, 17, 29, 54, 74. London: Rivingtons.

WITH the apostolical succession as propounded by the Bishop of Norwich we have no dispute. Claiming for his church the character of an apostolic church, he expressly avers that he does so 'because her system is founded upon those principles and those truths delivered by the apostles, and not because she is to be traced through the often doubtful testimony of contending traditions, on which little or no dependence can be placed.' Whether the church of England be thus built upon the foundation of the apostles or not, we leave, but we readily admit that to this kind of apostolicity we have no objection. Let men imbued with the spirit of the apostles preach the doctrines of the apostles, and they may call themselves, if they will, successors of the apostles. To whatever section of Christ's church they belong, we bid them 'God speed.'

Far different, however, from this is the theory of the succession advocated by the writers of the Oxford school. Supposing their interpretations to be authoritative, most disastrous, as we shall attempt to show, will be the consequences entailed upon the church of God. From their theory, it appears that the Christian ministry is pre-eminently an office requiring a personal transmission in order to its continuance. No title to it can be held valid but such as has descended from the apostles by personal transmission. No matter how learned a man may be, or how virtuous, if he cannot trace up his pedigree lineally to the apostles, he is no minister of Christ. But however unlearned he may be, or however vicious, only let him stand in a certain line of supposed relationship to the apostles, and he is a minister at once. His ecclesiastical performances are all authenticated; at

their peril do the people speak of him but with reverence and godly fear. This is a serious charge to bring against the writers of the Oxford Tracts, and we proceed to adduce proof that the charge is true.

The seventy-fourth Tract thus states the case as to the actual successors of the apostles:—‘We should praise and magnify the name of the Most High, because we have been born and bred and still live in a church wherein the apostolical line hath through all ages been preserved entire; there having been a constant succession of such bishops in it as were truly and properly successors to the apostles, by virtue of that apostolical imposition of hands, which being begun by the apostles, hath been continued ever since their time down to our own.’

It is laid down in these authorities of Puseyism, that the succession continues through ‘the imposition of hands.’ Wherever this has taken place, there is ministerial authority and ecclesiastical power.

The tenth Tract affords a curious specimen of Puseyite sermonizing to country congregations. It is entitled, ‘Heads of a Week-day Lecture to a Country Congregation,’ and thus inculcates reverence for the preacher and his class. ‘The apostles had first spiritual sons, then spiritual grandsons, then spiritual great-grandsons, and so on down to the present time. The bishop rules the church below as Christ rules the church above. It is the bishop who is commissioned to make us clergymen God’s ministers. I, who speak to you concerning Christ, was ordained to do so by the bishop. You must honour us because we are entrusted with the keys of heaven and hell—we are the heralds of mercy—we are the denouncers of woe—we are far greater than the most powerful of mankind in our unseen strength.’

So much for the authority with which these men are invested; but let it be marked how they come by it—by the imposition of the hands of the bishop in ordination. It is not a succession resting upon character which they advocate. There may be character, and there often is character of the choicest kind in the men of the succession, but the succession does not secure it. It is accidental rather than essential; the exception and not the rule. And as with character, so with doctrine. It may be that a clergyman, ordained by imposition of hands, shall be valiant for the truth, but he may be valiant for error. No guarantee is afforded by apostolical succession, as taught in these Tracts, against heresy or false doctrine. Once ordained by imposition of hands, even though unwittingly on the part of the bishop ordaining, he is the minister whose teaching the parish are bound to receive, to whose ecclesiastical authority they are required to submit.

Mr. Gladstone calls attention to the fact, that the question of continued validity in the offices of a clergyman, is not necessarily affected by his perversion of the doctrine of the divine word. He may pervert it, and may teach a whole parish to pervert it also. He may take the doctrine of the atonement, or of the resurrection of the dead, and wrest it to his own destruction, and to the destruction of all entrusted to his care. Nevertheless, he is not *necessarily* disqualified from demanding attention to his teaching, as the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Truly, times are strangely altered since Paul wrote to the Galatians—‘If even an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.’

‘It may be safely maintained,’ says the fifteenth Tract, ‘that all the errors of the middle ages no more interfere with the validity of ordination, received by our bishops from those who lived before the Reformation, than errors of faith and conduct in a priest interfere with the grace of the sacraments received at his hands.’

The Archbishop of Dublin, referring to this dogma of Puseyism, that ‘neither heresy, nor degradation, nor schism, nor the most extreme wickedness, nor anything else, can deprive a person, once made a bishop, of the power of giving true orders,’ very naturally concludes, ‘this is to recognise a fearful power, and that placed in the very worst hands.’

We are much indebted to the archbishop for the manner in which he has spoken out concerning *The Succession* as maintained by the Oxford Tracts. Happily for the cause of truth, the tractarians have put the fact and the order of the succession in such a way, that a case which he brings forward takes them out of court. They say, that the fact of the succession is too notorious to require proof. ‘Every link in the chain is known, from St. Peter to our present metropolitan. There is not a bishop, priest, or deacon, in the church of England at this present time, who cannot trace his own spiritual descent from Peter.’ Now this is intelligible. It is not a thing probable, but a thing certain. ‘Every link is known.’ Every bishop, every priest, every deacon, can trace his descent up, not to one of the apostles, or to another, but specifically to St. Peter. ‘It is too notorious to require proof.’ But let us hear the archbishop: ‘In the memory of persons living, there existed a bishop, concerning whom there was so much of mystery and uncertainty, as to when and where and by whom he had been ordained, that doubts existed in the minds of many persons whether he had ever been ordained at all. And the circumstances of the case were such, as to make manifest the possibility that such an irregularity had really taken place.’ Where is the certainty now? Some of the existing clergy, in tracing their way back to the



‘spiritual great-grandsons’ of the apostles, must of necessity connect themselves with this bishop. He ordained them. They have nothing but what they received at his hands. But it is not certain that he had anything to give. No matter how probable, inasmuch as it is not absolutely certain that *he* was in the succession, it is not absolutely certain that *they* are in the succession. Though it is in evidence that they are rightly related to him, it is not in evidence that he was rightly related to St. Peter. ‘Probably he was,’ it may be said. ‘Possibly he was not,’ it may be retorted. And that being possible, what becomes of the pretension that the personal transmission is demonstrably without a flaw. And then, what becomes of the succession itself? Having asserted its absolute and invariable certainty, the tractarians are refuted by any one instance of uncertainty. That instances of uncertainty exist, an authority of their own church declares.

And if uncertainty has arisen in modern times, how great the probability that it was constantly arising in times more remote. It may be that entries of all ecclesiastical proceedings are now made with due care and by the proper authorities; but was it so through the middle ages? Can it be believed by any man, familiar with the history of the middle ages, that the registration of their ordinations was infallible, that there was no deficiency, no omission, no mistake? Why—so ignorant were the men on whom ecclesiastical registrations depended, that they could not in many cases write their own names; and so unprincipled were they withal, that the insertion or non-insertion of an item in the genealogies depended on a sufficient bribe. Besides, so unsettled, so turbulent, were the times, that ‘the personal transmission’ must constantly have been endangered, and the requisite knowledge must have been in jeopardy every hour. Hence such men as Prideaux conclude, that for several centuries the boasted genealogies of Puseyism are ‘full of confusion,’ and ‘no certainty is to be had.’ Hear Archbishop Whately again: ‘There is not a minister in all Christendom who is able to trace up, with any approach to certainty, his own spiritual pedigree. If a bishop has not been duly consecrated, or had not been previously rightly ordained, his ordinations are null, and so are the ministrations of others ordained by him, and their ordinations onwards without end. The poisonous taint of informality, if it once creep in, will spread the infection of nullity to an indefinite and irremediable extent.’ And yet these are ‘the only men who have a right to be *quite sure*’ that they minister in the name of Christ. Who wonders that the plausible insinuations of the sceptic have been originated by the arrogant pretensions of the priest?

We have alluded to the uncertainty attendant upon the suc-

cession. A case in point has recently occurred, with which we are personally acquainted. A certain clergyman, who has determined to magnify his office up to the vanishing point, was recently engaged upon the matter of his own relationship lineally with 'the blessed apostle, Saint Peter.' That he had been ordained by a living bishop was tolerably clear; that the bishop had received ordination, and that duly through the several gradations of the diaconate, the priesthood, and the episcopate, was clear also. Mr. Gladstone's ill-sustained theory of ordination to the episcopate by three bishops was in the present case acted upon with great care. So far our country clergyman advanced with entire satisfaction. Who could deny, who could doubt, that he was a spiritual great-grandson of the first bishop of Rome? Well, he proceeded again from one progenitor to another, till at length there was occasion for a pause. Illegitimacy was suspected—counsel was taken with those competent to decide. 'Is there not a flaw?' 'It looks like it.' 'Ransack the archives of such an office. The requisite information may be there.' Those archives were ransacked, when, to the utter consternation of the ambitious presbyter, out comes the fact, that his connexion is traced up to a bishop whose ordinations were uncanonical, and so far uncanonical as to be null and void.

Could the testimony of the keepers of our ecclesiastical records be obtained, we believe that a large number of similar cases might be adduced. We happen to know that such examinations are by no means unfrequent, and that they are leading to like results. No men more shrewdly smile at the boasted certainty of the succession than the functionaries in ecclesiastical offices. What then becomes of the assertion that every link is traceable without doubt or uncertainty, and that there is not a clergyman who may not trace his own spiritual descent from Peter? Let every clergyman try.

It must be reckoned amongst the strangest of the phenomena of our day, that men of education and intelligence should reiterate the assertion so obviously destitute of proof, that Peter was the bishop of Rome especially, as with him in this capacity they choose specifically to identify their own claims. If he were not the bishop of Rome, the Puseyites, upon their own showing, are not in the succession after all. But they have not proved, and it is beyond their power to prove, that he was the bishop of that church, wherefore, their whole scheme of 'the personal transmission' breaks down. Not being proved, it is practically disproved.

It may be thought that we are unduly concerned about this boasted succession. It is objected that we have no occasion, even if we have any right, to interfere. Disclaiming it for ourselves, we are told to be satisfied with our disclaimer, and to let the

thing alone. This we cannot do. We reckon ourselves so far related to the guardianship of the public mind, as to be authorized repeatedly to call attention to this most monstrous of all assumptions, and to attempt to put it down. It is more than a theoretical or speculative error. It is an evil and a bitter thing, an active and energetic source of dishonour to God, and of delusion and destruction to mankind. This we shall proceed to show, with a view especially of counteracting the extraordinary notion that the dissenters of this country may quietly leave it to itself.

We have already seen that any man episcopally ordained is a minister of Christ. Whatever his character or his doctrine, only let him stand in the succession, and he is, without controversy, an ambassador for God. This being granted we may look out for startling inferences by which at our peril we must abide. But we are not left to inferences. Avowals are made of the consequences deducible from 'the succession,' at which the ears of every one that heareth them should tingle. The fifth Oxford Tract thus speaks of men episcopally ordained. 'No command of an earthly king, no ordinance of an earthly legislature, could *invest us with power over the gifts of the Holy Ghost*, for such we may well term the power duly to administer the sacraments which God has ordained. No act of parliament could make any of us a priest, or clothe us with one jot or one tittle of *power over the things of the unseen world*.' Now, we say that this man is right as far as he goes, but he should go further. Not only could no command of king or of legislature invest him with power over the things of the unseen world, or over the gifts of the Holy Ghost; but no act of any earthly authority whatever could do it. 'Nay,' replies Puseyism, 'the bishop can invest him with it, and really does invest him with it all, when he says, 'Receive the Holy Ghost.' These words are not a prayer that he may receive the Holy Ghost; they are the vehicle through which it is actually conveyed.\*

The eleventh Tract says, 'the sacraments are in the hands of the clergy: this, few will deny, or that their efficacy is independent of the personal character of the administrator. The ministry of the clergy is an appointed condition of the salvation of the elect, and as we betake ourselves to a dispensary for medi-

\* Circumstances sometimes occur in episcopal ordination services which alone are calculated to throw considerable doubt on the validity of the whole affair. There is a bishop now living, who, at the commencement of an ordination service, called loudly for a candle, although it was broad day. His attendants, knowing that he was *non compos mentis*, endeavoured to fix his lordship's attention upon the business in hand. No; he would have a candle before he proceeded. On its being brought to him, he turned it upside down, and holding it in that inverted position, proceeded with the solemn task of conferring on the eye-witnesses of his imbecility, the gifts of the Holy Ghost.



cine, in something of the like manner we are to come to that one society for salvation to which Christ has entrusted the office of stewardship in the distribution of his gifts.' Verily, this is audacious enough. Men are to go for salvation, not to the Saviour, but to the clergyman; not to Christ, but to the church. Salvation perchance may come to them, but it comes only through men successionaly ordained.

The twelfth Tract teaches expressly that 'our salvation depends, under God, upon the ministry of those whom Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost have appointed to reconcile men to God,' and that 'their personal failings do not make void their commission.' How monstrous! Men may personally hate Christ, and yet, officially, they may command us to love him. They may fail in everything appertaining to the faith of the Saviour, but they may negotiate, in the name of the Saviour, the salvation of souls, just because they happen to be ordained.

Did the statements of these men refer to subjects less momentous, we should be mightily amused at their oracular assumption of the entire question in debate. Surely they must have been born in the caves of the wilderness, and have lived amidst the darkest monasticism that Puseyism desiderates, before they could imagine that such assurances as the following would be implicitly received. 'The prayer of our Lord recorded in the gospel by Saint John, was not offered for all who *any how* should believe in Christ, but for those only who should believe on him through the word of the apostles, or of persons having apostolical authority. And it seems very doubtful whether any others are included in the meaning of our Saviour's gracious intercession, which is surely a point to be deeply considered.' So, then, it is not true, that whosoever believeth shall be saved. If it come '*any how*,' it is of no avail. It may have come. There may be hearty belief, active belief; so far as the belief is considered intrinsically and absolutely, it may be just the belief which is required by the gospel; but not having come through the men of the succession, it is nothing worth. Happy men, who had Jonathan Swift to your minister! Deluded almost to the certainty of perdition, ye devoutest auditors of Chalmers and Robert Hall.

Again: 'The eucharist, administered without apostolic succession, may, to pious minds, be a very edifying ceremony, but it is not that blessed thing which our Saviour meant it to be. The language of the apostle *proves* this when he says, 'It is the bread that *we* break, and the cup that *we* bless, signifying to us that the agency of the apostles in the first instance, and then the agency of their successors, is necessary to assure us that the holy signs really convey the thing signified.' To be sure, we set little

value upon the thing signified, as Puseyism understands it. Nevertheless, to be told that whatever may be signified cometh not to us, and that too upon such a palpable perversion of the language of St. Paul, is more than we can allow to pass. Who are referred to by the apostle when he said 'We, being many, (οἱ πολλοί) are one bread and one body; for we are all partakers of that one bread?'—the church of God which was at Corinth, with all who in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ. Of this there can be no doubt. And if not, then there can be no doubt that precisely the same parties are referred to when he asks, 'The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?' The whole church—the οἱ πολλοί—were the persons who took the cup of salvation, and called upon the name of the Lord. So much for the apostle's language, *proving* that sacerdotal interposition is necessary to constitute the eucharist, 'that blessed thing' designed by our Lord.

'Let us,' says the writer of the fifty-fourth Tract, 'Let us consider what we owe to that holy succession upon which, as we cannot but know, our all depends—I mean, the true doctrine of the incarnation of our Lord. It may positively be said that, under Providence, we owe our inheritance of this saving doctrine to the chain of rightly ordained bishops. Wheresoever the apostolical succession has been given up, there the doctrine has often been corrupted, and has been always in jeopardy.' Echoing the sentiment of this tractarian, another declares, 'The God-denying apostasy of Unitarianism finds more or less acceptance in proportion as less or more is found of respect for apostolical commission.' Was there ever such an argument *ad ignorantiam*? The veriest tyro in ecclesiastical history might put to silence the presumption of these bold men. The most superficial inquirer into the verities of things would discover that they speak not the truth. True, they are regarded as holy men; it is the fashion on all hands to laud them to the skies as unrivalled specimens of the pure in heart. But where is the holiness of men who, with Du Pin alone before them, can assert that the deniers of the succession as such, have been and are the deniers of the divinity of Christ? Let the history of Arianism in the fourth century be appealed to! Let the Waldensian confessions of faith be consulted! Let the admonitions of the Puritans to parliament be examined! Let the formularies of the church of Scotland be adduced! Let the declaration of the Congregational Union be scrutinized! Let investigation be made into the writings of the nonconformists, from Owen and John Howe, to Wardlaw and Pye Smith, and then, let it be decided, whether to the 'personal transmission' we owe our inheritance of the doctrine that Jesus is the Son of God. It is a glaring untruth, a palpable

slander, in itself sufficient to stigmatize the tractarians as grossly ignorant, or as designing and dishonest men.

In the Tract 74 we read, 'The power of the apostolical ministry raiseth man from the earth, and bringeth God himself from heaven. By blessing visible elements it maketh them invisible graces. It giveth daily the Holy Ghost. It hath to dispose of that flesh which was given for the life of the world. When it poureth malediction upon the heads of the wicked they perish; when it revoketh the same, they revive. Thus the privilege of the visible church of God is to be herein like the ark of Noah, that, for anything we know to the contrary, all without it are lost sheep.' Now there need be no mystery about the matter as thus put. All without Noah's ark did perish. 'All in whose nostrils was the breath of life, died.' There were no 'uncovenanted mercies' for them. The ark was not 'generally necessary for salvation.' In it man was saved; out of it man was lost. And so with the church through the power of the apostolic ministry. Unless men are in it, they are lost.

High time is it that this damnatory aspect of the apostolic succession should be regarded and exposed as it deserves. If Puseyism be right, all churches wanting the 'personal transmission,' and all persons belonging to those churches, are under the wrath of God. Guilty before God, men must despair if mercy be not revealed, but it is revealed only through the men of the succession, wherefore the doom of all who disown the succession is already sealed. No wonder, then, at the cry from Littlemore to Mayaveram,\* 'I believe in the holy catholic church,'—that is the rock of ages—that is the foundation laid in Zion—that is the only name under heaven given among men whereby they must be saved.

The writer of the fourth Tract says, 'I readily allow that this view of our calling has something in it too high and mysterious to be fully understood by unlearned Christians. But the learned, surely, are just as unequal to it. It is a part of that ineffable mystery called in our creed the communion of saints; and, with all other Christian mysteries, is above the understanding of all alike, yet practically within the reach of all who are willing to embrace it by true faith. Experience shows, at any rate, that it is far from being ill adapted to the minds and feelings of ordinary people. On this point, evidence might be brought from the early part of the seventeenth century. The hold which the propagandists of the 'holy discipline' obtained on the fancies and affections of the people, of whatever rank, age, and sex, de-

\* A station in the East Indies, where the Church Missionary Society is reaping the first fruits of its abject subjection to the bench of bishops.



pended very much on their incessant appeals to their *fancied* apostolical succession. They found persons willing and eager to suffer or rebel, as the case might be, for their system, because they had possessed them with the notion that it was the system handed down from the apostles. Why should we despair of obtaining, in time, an influence far more legitimate, and less dangerously exciting, but equally searching and extensive, by the diligent inculcation of our true and scriptural claim? For it is obvious that it would make the relation of pastor and parishioner far more engaging, as well as more awful.' Now let any evangelical Christian mark, learn, and inwardly digest this quotation, and then say whether it is not high time for us to awake out of sleep. The intention is avowed. Puseyism diligently inculcates its claim to the succession, in order to obtain a hold upon the fancies and affections of the people. And what is the ulterior design? Why possess men with the notion that the Anglican clergy are exclusively the ministers of Jesus Christ? Let the answer furnished by the quotation be diligently pondered, and every reflecting mind will perceive the necessity of being on the alert. The ignorant are to be deluded, the credulous to be terrified, the wavering to be cajoled, and the fanatical to be exasperated, in order that the church may hold the state at its mercy, and trample its opponents beneath its feet.

These men are to be admired for their tact. Wiser in their generation than the children of light, they recollect what man is made of, and act accordingly. Is he fearful as he contemplates his relationship to God, or stricken with awe in the prospect of his latter end? Thus do they make the succession tell upon the restoration of his peace of mind. 'Let us well consider this point. There is an humble and fearful member of Christ's flock who desires to strengthen his soul by the body and blood of Christ; but he cannot quiet his own conscience; he requires further comfort and counsel. Surely it is to his comfort that there is a duly commissioned minister of God's word at hand to whom he may come and open his grief, and receive the benefit of the sentence of God's pardon.' In singular harmony with this idea of the value of a duly commissioned minister to a mind in distress is the view thus expressed by Mr. Gladstone. 'Let us suppose that a mind is tempted with rationalizing doubts, questioning whether there be really anything of spiritual grace in the gospel, and seeking advice and counsel from a minister of God—it may be upon the bed of agony, or in the very grasp of death. Grant that the consulted party may have the requisites of Christian character and virtue, as well as competent abilities. Grant

that he may appear to speak, so as we, in our human frailty, should judge suitable to the dispensations of our heavenly Father. Still, when the moral being is rocked from its foundations, and a part of the incumbent trial is to satisfy the turbulent questioner within, then, I ask, is it nothing that the tempest-tost understanding is not left to abstract speculation, but that he who comes to supply its need is able to say, 'That which I speak is said under an awful responsibility. I who speak have been commissioned to carry a message from God to man—the message of Jesus Christ. His commission came to me by no mere fancy of my own, but from the hands of those to whom he entrusted it to be delivered down in perpetual descent, so that not the wit or the will of man, but He, the Holy One, has given me the power and the charge to minister to your soul.' A memorable passage truly! So then, by the apostolic succession, 'the tempest-tost understanding, is to be hushed into quietness, and the turbulent questioner within is to be satisfied by the mention of the perpetual descent. It is not in the character of the spiritual adviser, nor in his talent, nor in his sympathy, nor in his godliness, that the dying man may find satisfaction. Neither may he find it in the sentiments or truths which such a man propounds to him from the oracles of God. Unless he has lineally descended from Peter, his ministrations are of little, if of any avail. Now if, in the case supposed, it should happen that the dying man remembered the uncertainty of the succession—what then? It would agitate him yet more profoundly. 'The perpetual descent' would terrify rather than compose.

However, as Mr. Gladstone has supposed one case, we will venture to suppose another. Let us imagine the individual he has so impressively described, to be visited by one duly commissioned minister to-day, and by another duly commissioned minister to-morrow—a thing very likely, in many cases, to occur. He of to-day will tranquillize his mind by reminding him that he has been baptized; and upon the strength of his apostolical commission, will warrant him to take courage and die in peace. Thus encouraged, the dying man settles down into repose, having duly partaken of the body and of the blood of Christ. But he of to-morrow will try to alarm his conscience by telling him that, though baptized, he may be an unconverted man; and upon the strength of his apostolic commission will bid him arouse from his repose and wrestle with God in prayer that he may be saved.

In vain will the man plead that he was told to be at peace by a successor of the apostles having authority from God. 'Am I not a successor of the apostles?' the alarmist would rejoin.

‘Have not I authority, through the perpetual descent, to speak in the name of God? In his name, then, I tell you, you must be born again, or you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. You are crying peace, peace, when sudden destruction is at hand.’

Now where would ‘the tempest-tost understanding’ find tranquillity in such a case? Which of the two men, equally and alike authorized to instruct him, would be to him the minister of God for good? We leave Puseyism to reply: but how or what it can reply after it has formally excluded succession in everything but in persons, we are at a loss to understand. So far, indeed, from Mr. Gladstone’s theory ministering consolation to a mind in distress, it may, in any given instance, become the occasion of aggravating its distress a thousand fold.

We have now, as we believe, done justice to the subject of the apostolical succession, as far as our present limits will allow. Our hope is, that the dissenters of Great Britain will thoroughly acquaint themselves with its character and tendency. A conflict is beginning in which they must take ground and keep it with intelligence, consistency, and vigour, or they will assuredly lick the dust. They cannot trust the government nor the parliament. What is worse, they cannot yet trust the people. We are not sure they can trust themselves with that steadfast confidence which is imparted by a thorough knowledge of the position they should occupy, and of the means by which it may be best maintained. The thing to be desired from the dissenters is, not the occasional explosion of a speech or of a sermon against the Oxford heresy, but the steady and dignified opposition to it induced by a religious conviction of its repugnance to the will of God. Let Puseyism be thus opposed and all will yet be well. Its assumptions will be effectively silenced, and its attempts to deify the clergy will fall out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel. But if it be let alone, or if it be opposed because it is inexpedient for the present time, its success is certain. It assorts so agreeably with unconverted human nature, and emanates so naturally from the formularies of the established church, that it will be too much for any antagonism which is not based upon ultimate principles, and carried on for the truth’s sake. Let our ministers, therefore, with our preaching brethren, our Sunday-school teachers, our schoolmasters and governesses, and the parents amongst us—let us all gird up the loins of our minds, and as we have opportunity, examine the dogma for ourselves. The Oxford Tracts have not been read half extensively enough yet by evangelical dissenters. We would have them read wherever they can be obtained, and where they are inaccessible, ‘The



Church Principles' of Mr. Gladstone should be read. Withal, Mr. Powell's essay, formerly reviewed by us, should be carefully studied. It is a trustworthy manual and compendium of the whole case, and will go far to satisfy every unprejudiced mind of the falsity of the dogma, and of the fearful consequences to which it leads.

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Art. IV. *Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. John Williams, Missionary to Polynesia.* By Ebenezer Prout, of Halstead. Fourth Thousand. London: J. Snow, Paternoster-row. 1843. pp. viii. 618.

WRITERS on Taste have remarked that the great difference between real and pretended grandeur is this: the nearer you approach, and the more closely you examine, real grandeur, the greater does it turn out to be; but the nearer you come to pretended, or merely apparent grandeur, and the more fully you examine its pretensions, the less does it prove to be.

On this showing, there was real greatness in the character of the missionary WILLIAMS. It was seriously apprehended, after all that had been detailed in his apostolic work, 'The Missionary Enterprise,' and after the minute and philosophic examination of his character and life in 'The Martyr of Eromanga,' that very little would be discovered in his history that could make his Life, by Mr. Prout, a work worthy of the reputation and standing of Mr. Williams. This able and lively volume proves that all such apprehensions were groundless—that in the character of Williams there were yet elements of greatness and goodness which had not fully seen the light, and that Mr. Prout had the penetration, sagacity, and adroitness, to detect and disclose them, without interfering in the least with the labours of previous writers.

Ever since the tidings of Williams's melancholy death reached this country, the friends of missions here, and in America, have been in the expectation of seeing his memoirs published, and the reasons why the work has not appeared at an earlier period are given by Mr. Prout in the preface to his volume.

He divides his work into nine sections, which are marked out by definite and turning points in the life of Mr. Williams. I. From his birth until his departure for the South Seas. II. From his departure until the termination of his first year's residence at Raiatea. III. From the commencement of his second year's labours at Raiatea until the close of 1822. IV. From his first until his second missionary voyage to the Hervey Islands. V. From his second voyage to the Hervey Islands until his first

missionary enterprise to Samoa. VI. From his first until his second voyage to Samoa. VII. From his second voyage to Samoa until his departure for England. VIII. From his arrival in England until his return to the South Seas. IX. From his departure in the Camden until his death. Such is the well arranged outline of the work.

The origin of Williams was worthy of his history and character.

‘John Williams was the descendant of a pious ancestry. The parents of both his father and mother were servants of God. His maternal grandfather, James Maidmeet, Esq., of the firm of Maidmeet and Neale, St. Paul’s Churchyard, was a constant hearer and an intimate friend of the Rev. William Romaine. So close, indeed, was this connexion between those excellent men, that for many years Mr. Romaine paid a weekly visit to Mr. Maidmeet’s house, for the purpose of conducting a religious service with his family. At these sacred exercises, Miss Maidmeet, the mother of the subject of these memoirs, was accustomed to be present; but she then discovered no evidences of that sincere piety for which subsequently she became distinguished. On the contrary, her aversion to spiritual religion, although suppressed, was decided; and often, in after years, she confessed with sorrow, that, had it been permitted, when Mr. Romaine paid his accustomed visits to her father’s house, she would have gladly escaped from the uncongenial element by which, at these seasons, she was surrounded. But, however unpromising, this period of Miss Maidmeet’s life was not without its influence upon her mind and character. Indirectly, yet powerfully, her father’s sentiments, and her pastor’s ministrations, controlled her subsequent course. Thus early she had learned to distinguish between ethical and evangelical preaching, and to attach higher importance to the full and faithful proclamation of the gospel, than to forms or names, or merely ecclesiastical peculiarities. When, therefore, after her marriage to Mr. Williams, she had removed from her father’s house to Oxford, one of her first objects was, to ascertain where she might listen to the same truths which had been so luminously expounded by Mr. Romaine. With this view, Mrs. Williams first visited her parish church; but not finding there the object of her search, she extended her inquiries farther, and thus visited in succession the different churches of the celebrated city in which her habitation had been fixed. Finding that evangelical sentiments were preached by the dissenters, she at length, with reluctance, withdrew from the establishment, and became an attendant on the ministry of the late Mr. Hinton, for many years a valued and successful labourer in that city. And most important were the results of this decision. In a short time, the truths to which she listened were applied by the Holy Spirit with power to her heart, and gave a new form to her character. From hence, therefore, may be dated the commencement of that course of consistent piety, the influence of which upon herself and her son will appear in the following pages.’—pp. 2—4.

We once thought of apologizing for the length of this extract, but when we considered how new the information would be to many of our readers, what an impulse it would give to many holy mothers, and what a proof it afforded that Williams was the child of many prayers, we resolved to let it pass, and defend itself by its simplicity and beauty.

The family which we have been just describing removed from Oxford to Tottenham Cross, and there John Williams was born, June 29, 1796. Of his childhood very little is known. The first school he entered was that of Messrs. Gregory, at Lower Edmonton, where his time was devoted to the acquisition of writing and arithmetic. From the first, his parents had destined him for trade. His mind was active and singularly observant, yet without putting forth any remarkable or striking developments. He was always a 'handy lad,' and so apt and ready was he for the execution of any little domestic commission, that the family could always calculate on John doing it.

The religious education of the boy was superintended by his pious mother. 'Little thought she,' says Mr. Prout, 'when her children were clustering around her knees, and hanging upon her lips, that she was then forming the character of the future apostle of Polynesia, and performing a service for which distant tribes and future generations would revere her name.' This is a noble and powerful motive to induce mothers to attend to the religious training of their children; for certainly as some 'given to hospitality' have entertained angels unawares, so have parents, who have attended to the discipline and training of their young charge, trained seraphs unawares.

The pastor of the congregational church at Tottenham at this time was Mr. Fowler. On his ministry the family attended, and young Williams appeared for some time to be much impressed by the truths which he heard. From his earliest years he always feared a lie. In the outward observance, also, of private devotions, he was constant and regular. At this early period he composed and wrote out two brief and comprehensive prayers, and two beautiful hymns, of considerable length, each prayer and hymn being intended for morning or evening devotions. They reflect much honour on the intellectual character of the boy, and on his power of versification, as well as on his devotional habits, but are too long to be here inserted.

We have said, that active as his mind was, it put forth no striking development. This was evident in the fact, that he had no predilection for any particular branch of trade or line of commerce. In these circumstances his parents decided for him. This decision was a turning-point in his history. In making arrangements for introducing him to business, his affectionate



and pious mother was resolved to consult, at any and every cost, the religious welfare of her son, and providence guided her to place him as an apprentice to Mr. Tonkin, a furnishing ironmonger, in City Road, London.

John Williams was now nearly fourteen years of age. By his indenture, the boy was exempted from the laborious drudgery and mechanical part of the business, at the forge or the bench: his attention was to be directed solely to the commercial department. So men had contrived and adjusted for him: but the God of heaven had otherwise ordered his course of pursuits. In the arrangements of the parents, it was never thought that they were then engaged in measures which were intended to educate the father of theoretical and practical mechanics in the South Seas, and were about giving the first lessons to the builder of 'The Messenger of Peace.'

The time—the set time—had now arrived for the active and observant mind of which we have been speaking to develop its striking peculiarities. On all convenient seasons, without interfering with the claims of Mr. Tonkin, the young apprentice would visit the forge, and there watch and observe the processes of the workmen; and when they had left,—for instance, at meal hours,—he would proceed to work at some bench or forge, in order to bring his previous observations to the test of experience and practice. 'In this way he taught himself, in a surprisingly short time, to form and finish many of the common articles belonging to the trade.' By a little practice he became a skilful workman, and was able to finish more perfectly than many whose lives had been devoted to the attainment, several of the most complex and difficult processes of the manufacture in metals.' So active and strong was now his desire for exercising his mechanical knowledge, that he never seemed more happy than when he had permission to hang a bell, or execute some similar commission. On these occasions it was amusing to see him 'adjust his working apron, sling a basket of tools across his shoulders, and sally forth with as light a step and as cheerful a countenance as if he had been the happiest being in the world.' These characteristics, as Mr. Prout properly remarks, are the evidence of a superior mind. They are also clear proof of a superintending Providence.

But while the tastes and pursuits of the youth in the forge of the ironmonger tended to prepare the future mechanic, architect, and shipbuilder of the South Seas, there appeared some moral indications that the Christian missionary and religious instructor of the Polynesia was not now being formed. Some of his habits showed that his introduction to London had not been favourable to his religious convictions. The first outward sign of this was

his disregard of the Sabbath, after which followed an unconcealed disrelish for social worship and public devotion. Yet, even amid all this, he was preserved from outward and open immorality. At the age of eighteen he had become the associate of several irreligious young men, and in such case, the silken, though powerful restraints of a mother's entreaty, were violently snapped asunder. From the example and persuasions of such companions, his violation of the Sabbath had now become a common practice. Accordingly, he made an assignation for January 30, 1814, to spend the evening with other young men at a tea-garden belonging to a tavern not far from his master's house.

This assignation was another turning-point in the history of Williams. From his early habits, he was punctual, but his giddy companions did not keep their time. Had they been as punctual as he was, the history of Christianity and civilization would be different from what it is. While he was loitering and sauntering about the place of meeting, and feeling mortified at the delay of his companions, Mrs. Tonkin the wife of his master came by, and by the light of the lamp discerning the face of John, asked the reason of his dallying there. He at once avowed the reason, and expressed his mortification at the conduct of his associates. The good lady, who was a member of the church at Tabernacle, pressed him, with Christian gentleness and affection, to accompany her thither. With some reluctance he yielded to her entreaty, but rather from mortification than from a renewed sense of duty. Let Mr. Williams himself describe this hour, so pregnant with interest to himself and to the islanders of the South Sea.

‘It is now twenty-four years ago, since, as a stripling youth, a kind female friend invited me to come into this place of worship. I have the door in my view at this moment, at which I entered, and I have all the circumstances of that important era in my history vividly impressed upon my mind; and I have in my eye at this instant the particular spot on which I took my seat. I have also a distinct impression of the powerful sermon that was that evening preached by the excellent Mr. East, now of Birmingham; and God was pleased, in his gracious providence, to influence my mind at that time so powerfully, that I forsook all my worldly companions.’ ‘From that hour my blind eyes were opened, and I beheld wondrous things out of God's law. I diligently attended the means of grace. I saw that beauty and reality in religion which I had never seen before. My love to it and delight in it increased; and I may add, in the language of the apostle, that I grew in grace and in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.’—p. 19.

In September, 1814, he joined the church at Tabernacle, and

was received into its fellowship by that distinguished friend of piety and missions, the Rev. Matthew Wilks. Being now as anxious for information in religion as he had formerly been for intelligence in mechanics, he became a member of a society at Tabernacle, called 'The Youth's Class,' which was designed for the religious improvement of serious young men. This first means of supplying theological instruction to Williams is thus described by the Rev. Mr. Browne, of Limerick, who was received both into the church and into the class at the same time with our missionary:—

'This, I may say, with very few additional advantages, was the college where Williams and several others received those sound and enlarged views of Scripture doctrine and practical Christianity which eminently fitted him to go forth to the heathen as an ambassador of Jesus Christ. Williams was one of our most regular attendants, and it rarely happened that he had not a paper to read on the subject for consideration.'—p. 23.

To a philosopher it is deeply interesting to mark a powerful mind like that of Williams, struggling against ignorance, and making some of its first communings with knowledge; and to the Christian, this interest becomes more deep and glowing, by observing how the Father of knowledge and the God of wisdom leads the blind, by a way that they know not, to that process of discipline and that class of attainments, which prepare his agents for the work to which they have been 'separated by the Holy Ghost.' This was the case with Williams. He was concerned, not for his own religious improvement only; he immediately became a Sabbath school teacher, where he formed some of the habits best preparatory for his missionary work. He also joined societies for relieving the sick, for visiting the poor houses, and for distributing religious tracts. Every such Society was a fine school for training the missionary to sympathy with human wants, and to activity for making mankind better and happier.

We will now proceed to another crisis and turning-point in the life of Williams. In the autumn of 1815, the auxiliary Missionary Society formed at Tabernacle held one of those quarterly meetings which were not only sanctioned, but instituted and fostered by the pastor, the Rev. Matthew Wilks. On this occasion, that man of God, to whose memory no adequate justice has yet been done, presided. This was the period when the claims of the heathen came home for the first time to the bosom and conscience of Williams. His first impression he thus describes:—

'At the time I took but little notice of it; but afterwards, the desire was occasionally very strong for many months. My heart was frequently with the poor heathen. Finding this to be the case, I made



it a subject of serious prayer to God that he would totally eradicate and banish the desire if it was not consistent with his holy mind and will; but that if it was consistent, he would increase my knowledge with the desire. I then examined my motives, and found that a sense of the value of an immortal soul, the thousands that were daily passing from time into eternity destitute of a knowledge of Christ and salvation, and a conviction of the debt of love I owe to God for his goodness in making me savingly acquainted with the things which belong to my everlasting peace, were the considerations by which my desire was created.'—pp. 25, 26.

This state of mind he, of course, made known to his pastor and friend, who having a peculiar tact for 'discerning spirits,' perceived in Williams an instrument 'meet for the Master's use.' He therefore not only kept his eye upon him, but had frequent intercourse with him, conversed with him freely, and did everything in his power, by instruction and advice, to encourage his missionary disposition, and to develop his missionary fitness. This eminent man had a company of religious young men, who contemplated entering the Christian ministry, to meet regularly at his own house, that he might instruct them in the leading doctrines of Christianity, as his illustrious Master had before him instructed his disciples. Among such young men was Williams.

'Most fully aware of his educational deficiencies, he gladly acceded to the proposal of his friend and pastor; and from this time he devoted, with the utmost ardour, all the leisure he could command to the course of reading and other mental exercises which his venerable tutor prescribed. Happily, the nature of his situation, and the kindness of the family with whom he resided, afforded him many facilities for the prosecution of his studies. In a short time, his rapid improvement fully satisfied Mr. Wilks of his capabilities, and induced that excellent man to encourage the early tender of his services to the London Missionary Society.'—p. 27.

In July, 1816, he formally applied to the directors of the London Missionary Society to be admitted as one of their agents, and, after having satisfactorily passed the usual examination, he was cordially and unanimously accepted. At this time he was still an apprentice, but his master, Mr. Tonkin, cheerfully gave up the seven months which were unexpired, to enable him at once to devote himself fully to his studies. On the 30th of September in the same year, his solemn designation to the full work of a missionary to the heathen, took place at Surrey Chapel. Nine young missionaries were set apart to their glorious work on the same evening—five for Africa, of whom Moffat was one, and four for the South Seas, of whom Williams was the youngest.

On this occasion, a copy of the sacred Scriptures was presented to each missionary.

'I shall never forget,' said Mr. Williams, many years after this interesting scene, 'the impression produced upon my mind by the solemn manner in which our beloved brother, Mr. James, of Birmingham, put the Bible into my hand. With all the affection for which he is distinguished, and with all the power and impressiveness of his manner, he said, 'Go, my beloved brother, and with the ability which God has given you, be faithful in season and out of season in proclaiming the precious truths which that volume contains. And then, good Dr. Waugh, with heaven beaming on his benevolent countenance, and the big tear of affection glistening in his intelligent eye, speaking to me upon my youthful appearance, said, 'Go, my dear young brother, and if your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth, let it be with telling poor sinners of the love of Jesus Christ; and if your arms drop from your shoulders, let it be with knocking at men's hearts to gain admittance for him there.'—pp. 35, 36.

In the trying and arduous enterprise to which he had now fully consecrated himself, the next important point was to find a 'help-meet.' This important measure had already entered into his calculation while 'counting the cost' of his missionary labour. The lady whom he had selected as his apostolic fellow-helper in the truth was Miss Mary Chawner, a member of the church at Tabernacle. It is right that our readers should know something of this apostolic and intrepid, though retiring woman, who contributed so much to her husband's success, and who now calls for our sympathies amid the desolation caused by his untimely death. In the church of which she was a member, she was highly esteemed for 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,' as well as for the sterling excellences which had uniformly appeared in her conduct and character.

'Mr. Williams knew her virtues; and as they were fellow-labourers in the same walks of usefulness, he enjoyed opportunities of observation and intercourse, which satisfied him that beneath her placid manner and apparent timidity there existed a strength of principle and a growing zeal for God which eminently qualified her for the service upon which he was about to enter. This induced him to follow, without hesitation, the impulses of his heart, and the result abundantly confirmed his convictions, and justified his choice. In Christian heroism she proved the equal of her intrepid husband, and in patient endurance, his superior. It is not flattery, but simple justice, to say that she was in all points worthy of the honoured man to whose happiness and success she so largely contributed; and in no part of his life was the kindness of Divine Providence more manifest than in the circumstances which led to their happy union. This was solemnized on the 29th of October, 1816, and it was a day which not only Mr. Williams had reason to remember with gratitude, but also

many thousands of Polynesian females, whom the love and labours of his devoted partner raised from degradation to comfort, from the rudeness and vile indulgences of savage, to the manifold enjoyments of civilized life, and from pagan darkness to evangelical light.'—p. 33.

There was now but one scene more through which he had to pass, before he quitted the shores of his native land, and that was his parting with his pious and endeared mother. The melting tenderness which led him to pity the heathen did not make him forget or cease to feel the sweet charms of kindred and family, but especially the vital sympathies which bound him to his affectionate mother. The thought of leaving her, without the expectation of seeing her again in this world, never entered his mind without anguish and tears.

'But his chief anxiety was on her own account. He knew the depth of her affection; and although she had been constrained by her Christian principles to give up her son to the service of the Saviour, he perceived the struggle between her maternal emotions and higher sentiments, and he was anxiously concerned to prepare her mind for the separation. As the period approached, he devoted his utmost attention to his beloved parents and friends, and had considerably engaged his venerable pastor to remain with them during the day of embarkation. That day was fixed for the 17th of November, 1816; but on its arrival he was rejoiced to find that his mother's faith and firmness were equal to the demand upon them, and that so evidently, as to draw the remark from their kind comforter, Mr. Wilks, that he found she had no need of him.'—pp. 38, 39.

We have now given to our readers, information on the education, habits, and character of Williams, up to the time of his embarkation. We take it for granted that our readers have read, or after this certainly will read, his own apostolic work, the 'Missionary Enterprise.' On this account we do not think it either necessary or expedient to follow Mr. Prout through the chapters which detail Mr. Williams's missionary labours, from the time when he settled at Raiatea to the period of his return to England. Yet in all these chapters there is much that is captivating and thrilling in themselves, and rendered more so by the graphic distinctness, the natural consecutiveness, the transparent style, the devotional unction, of Mr. Prout's method of narration. Had our space permitted, we should have lingered about Williams's first impressions on landing at Eimeo—his settling at Raiatea—his practical method of learning the languages—his erection of the mission-house—his printing press and school—the building of his chapel—his introduction of legislation and trial by jury—his deliverance from native conspiracies—his first preaching in the language of the natives—his formation of a



Christian church after the original apostolical platform—the discouragements which drove him to Sydney—and the joy of the Raiateans upon his return among them. We would gladly have told our readers also about his missionary voyages among several islands—his discovery of Rarotonga with its debased natives—his application for a missionary ship—the spiritual advancement of his converts—the false charges which he had to rebut—but in reference to all these, we must say, ‘buy the book, and read for yourselves.’ Let us entreat our readers to accompany Williams on his second voyage to the Hervey Islands, and witness his hazardous landing in Rarotonga, fourteen years after he had first discovered it—his reception, labours, and influence upon that island, where, if he had been anything but a Christian missionary, he would have been celebrated by every periodical in Europe as the mechanic who built there ‘The Messenger of Peace.’ We cannot even allude to his second voyage to Samoa, where he was so cordially welcomed, nor to his return to Raiatea, where an attempt was made to assassinate him; and we find it impossible to enumerate the many voyages which he made, and the arduous and perilous enterprises which he undertook to bless Polynesia.

Wearied and exhausted by labours more abundant, he determined, for the purpose of recruiting his strength, or refreshing his spirit, and of aiding his mission, to pay a visit to his native country; and ‘on the 12th of June, 1834, after nearly eighteen years’ absence, the white cliffs of his beloved and native land once more greeted and gladdened his eyes.’

Mr. Prout introduces the chapter which narrates Mr. Williams’s sojourn in England, by stating some of the disadvantages under which he commenced his public engagements at missionary anniversaries. Coventry had the honour of having his first missionary speech. ‘Here his statements were heard with deep interest, and his spirit was refreshed by intercourse with the brethren, especially with ‘good old Mr. Jerard,’ one of the missionaries captured in the Duff.’ The next place he visited was Birmingham, where the large chapel in Carr’s-lane was thronged, and the congregation deeply interested by a speech which occupied two hours.

‘He himself was much excited: for his associations with Birmingham were peculiar, and his obligations to its pastors and their people great. He therefore began his address by saying, that ‘had he been privileged to attend but one meeting in England, he should have selected that before which he then appeared in preference to every other. Birmingham,’ he added, ‘has to me attractions and attachments which no other place possesses. From one of its ministers I received my first religious impressions;’ and then, turning to the Rev.

T. East, he proceeded, 'Yes, sir, to you, under God, I am indebted for all that I am, and for all that I have been able to effect! From the beloved minister of this sanctuary I received my Bible, and the solemn charge to preach its glorious revelations to the heathen. And, sir,' turning to Mr. James, 'according to the ability which God has given me, I *have* preached the doctrine of salvation by faith in a crucified Redeemer.'—pp. 410, 411.

Whatever were the difficulties in the way of his success as a public speaker, he surmounted them all. He had facts enough, and he had confidence enough, in the merit of his subject. 'If,' said he, 'I can only gain the ear of the public, I know that I possess facts which *must* interest them.' He *did* 'interest' them, and he gained not their 'ears' only, but their hearts and their contributions also. He had facts enough to relate, he had zeal enough in his grand theme, he had power of arrangement enough to assort his facts in the best manner, and he had simplicity of purpose enough to arrest and to edify every audience.

'The facts he narrated were almost invariably adduced either in illustration of some important statement, in proof of some leading position, or as an incitement to zeal and effort.' 'With rare exceptions, his statements were not incidentally, but immediately applicable to his object. Few men ever spoke more *ad rem*. His practical tact and business habits were, in this way, as evident on the platform and in the pulpit as they had been elsewhere. And the direct relation subsisting between facts and principles, which were invariably connected in his addresses, gave to both a point and a power not usually attained even by the clearest and closest abstract demonstrations.'—p. 415.

After labouring for eighteen months in travelling, and addressing auxiliary societies, he began to think in earnest of publishing an account of his missionary voyages, and eventually produced his 'Missionary Enterprises.' For this purpose he obtained some temporary release from public engagements, as far as the officers of the Society were concerned; but the application of private friendship to procure his services, to which he could scarcely ever say 'no,' so accumulated upon him, that up to the close of 1835, he had done little more than form the plan of his future publication.

'Yet amid these distractions, he began and prosecuted a work now classed among the choicest literary treasures of the church. Excepting a few detached days spent at the house of a friend, nothing but broken fragments, and many of them mere fractions of time, could be secured for his object.'—'No one but an eye-witness can conceive of the trials of temper to which, under these circumstances, he was subjected by inconsiderate intruders; yet no visitor, however unwelcome, was ever met but with a smile. He had not the heart to give intruders

a significant hint that it was time to retire; and often, when they had withdrawn, he has resumed his work with a smiling countenance, and observed, 'Well, I do hope that these good people will allow us to get through *some day*.'—p. 429.

Nevertheless, in these trying circumstances he composed his work in less time than is usually spent on a volume of the same extent. This is accounted for by Mr. Prout.

'In the first place, the materials of the work were already familiar to its author, and many of its facts had been repeatedly used in his public addresses, but this would have availed him little, had not his diligence been remarkable, and the facility with which he could resume his work after interruption, and improve the shortest periods of time, been such as few possess. His journals, also, afforded him assistance; but only a small portion was copied from them; the far greater part was either supplied from memory or entirely re-written.'—p. 430.

It is true that if the 'Missionary Enterprises' had been issued just as he threw off the sheets, they would not have appeared in the attractive and elegant dress which they now wear. He had worked too hard as a faithful missionary, and had been too laboriously employed with barbarous dialects, to allow him time to cultivate the graces of English composition. Conscious, therefore, that the Polynesian offspring of his mind needed some little English discipline and polishing before it appeared in company, he had the good sense to request a friend of adequate taste and ability to revise and trim it. This has led to a strange and foolish report that Williams was not the real, veritable author of the work. Mr. Prout, who knows best the whole affair, gives this account of it.

'Neither time nor previous occupations permitted him to do much beyond throwing off in haste the rough sketch or the unfinished outline. Had he attempted more, it is probable that he would have accomplished less. Yet, although biographical fidelity demands the acknowledgment that assistance was given, it must not be supposed that it was such as to render the question of authorship in the least degree doubtful. In its main features and most essential elements, in fact, in everything which constitutes a claim to such an appropriation, the volume was, what it professes to be, his own. Such a statement would have been withheld, as altogether irrelevant and gratuitous, had it not been called for by rumours which required correction.'—p. 430.

The 'Missionary Enterprises' appeared in April, 1837. Active measures were taken to get the book circulated among the merchants, ship-owners, philosophers, nobles, and statesmen of the country. As the author felt that he was pleading for the world, and for the Saviour of the world, he resolved 'to present a copy



of his work to several of the individuals most distinguished by their station or attainments, accompanied by a letter, calling their attention to the facts contained.' Among these personages were the Duchess of Kent, Her Majesty the Queen, then Princess Victoria, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Devonshire, &c. The result was, that he was invited to many a noble mansion, and pressed to join many a select party, where he fixed and rivetted the attention of large companies, upon the great facts and claims of Christian missions. It would be curious and interesting to know how this devoted missionary, who had spent so many years among savages, conducted himself in courtly circles.

'One distinguished individual, at whose mansion Mr. Williams was invited to meet a large and brilliant party, assured the author, that it was the opinion of himself and others, that, apart from the false forms, he possessed all the finish of the most refined courtesy, and that unconsciously, and without design, he was a perfect gentleman.'—p. 471.

The methods adopted for making the book known obtained for it an unparalleled circulation. From April, 1837, to September, 1838, 7500 copies were sold. After this a new edition was printed in post octavo, which had a sale of 6000. Subsequently a 'People's Edition' was stereotyped, and published unabridged for the sake of the poorer readers, at two shillings and sixpence. Of this edition, which appeared in April, 1840, TWENTY-FOUR THOUSAND copies have been sold, making a '*total of the whole,*' of all sizes, in five years, of THIRTY-EIGHT THOUSAND copies.

But, say our readers, we have seen the young artisan in the ironmonger's shop—we have seen the active and apostolic missionary in official labours—we have seen the graphic writer, and have heard the popular speaker—but what was he at home?

'When at home, Mr. Williams *was* at home; devotedly attached to his most estimable partner and their amiable family, nothing would have drawn him from them but the claims of public duty; and whenever he could consistently release himself from those claims, he hastened to enjoy the luxury, to him as great as it was rare, of spending some hours in their midst. Rarely, when he could command an unbroken evening, did he omit to invite a few of those with whom he was most intimate to join their family circle. These, however, were not set parties, but social meetings. Usually, missionary scenes and occupations became the leading topics of conversation; and it was delightful to trace upon his bright and benevolent countenance the satisfaction which he enjoyed, when he had been successful in gratifying his friends. Very frequently, on these occasions, the curiosities which he had brought from the islands were drawn from their hiding-places, and the various contents of several cases covered the table or the floor. A singular medley of idols, dresses, ornaments, domestic utensils, implements of industry, and weapons of war, formed so many subjects of remark;

and not unfrequently, Mr. Williams arrayed his own portly person in the native tiputa and mat, fixed a spear by his side, and adorned his head with a towering cap of many colours, worn on high days by the chiefs; and as he marched up and down his parlour, he was as happy as any one of the guests, whose cheerful mirth he had thus excited. To this exhibition he would add explanations of each relic; naming, and sometimes describing the island from which he obtained it; the past history and present state of its inhabitants; the use of the object, or the customs connected with it; and various other interesting particulars. In general, these interesting statements were crowned by a donation of some curiosity which had awakened special interest; and that his visitors might taste as well as see the good things of Polynesia, jars of native preserves, either of the banana, or some other Polynesian fruit, were opened for their gratification. How many hours of almost sacred, though now of melancholy interest—seasons which they fondly hoped to renew with their devoted friend on earth—will these brief references recal to those who were among his favoured guests at Bedford Square.’ —p. 479, 480.

Such was Williams ‘at home.’ But dearly as he loved his home—dearly as he loved ‘England with all her faults,’ he still held Polynesia in affectionate remembrance. One of the schemes which he had most at heart was, the obtaining of a missionary ship for the purposes of his mission among the islands of the South Seas. This, through the liberality of the friends of missions, and of the city of London, he succeeded in possessing. The ship was called the ‘Camden,’ and Captain Morgan, the man whom he preferred of all the men he knew, became its commander. The vessel was repaired at a cost of 400*l*. by Joseph Fletcher, Esq., who generously said that ‘he felt much pleasure in *giving it all* to the cause of the Redeemer.’ On the evening of the 4th of April, 1838, a public valedictory service was held at the Tabernacle, a full and accurate report of which is given in the interesting little volume entitled ‘The Missionary Farewell.’ The 11th of April was the day of his departure, when hundreds of the warm friends of Williams and of missions accompanied the missionary family from London Bridge to the ‘Camden.’

‘Shortly after the ‘City of Canterbury’ steamer came alongside the ‘Camden,’ and the missionaries had separated themselves from their friends, all on board the two vessels united in a devotional service.’—‘Then, as in the days of Ezra, many wept with a loud voice, and many shouted aloud for joy.’ At the conclusion of the hymn, the Rev. T. Jackson, of Stockwell, (now departed,) offered an appropriate prayer, after which, the Rev. Dr. Fletcher, (now also gone to rest,) gave out the psalm, ‘From all that dwell below the skies,’ &c., with which the service closed. The ‘Camden’ then unfurled her sails, and the wind being fair, she commenced her distant and important voyage. The ‘City of Canterbury’ accompanied her for a few miles, and the ex-

pressions of affection were, during this time, repeatedly exchanged by those on board each vessel; nor did they cease, after they had parted, until persons could not be distinguished in the distance, and the farewell signals no longer discerned.'—p. 509.

We cannot follow him to describe his services and success at the Cape of Good Hope—his gratifying reception at Sydney—his arrival at Tabuila, his voyage along the coast of Upolu, where eventually he resolved to fix his residence. Here he built a dwelling house amid the jealousies and fears of the heathen, whose hostilities were subdued by the influence of his name. He paid another visit to Rarotonga; he made preparations for commencing a missionary college; he made many voyages of mercy, and planted many teachers of salvation, and realized large accessions to the Christian church. His noble heart was for comprehending all the islands of the South Seas. 'For my part,' said he, 'I cannot content myself within the narrow limits of a single reef.' He therefore planned his voyage to the New Hebrides. On the voyage he wrote:

*Saturday, Nov. 16th.*

'I have just heard dear Captain Morgan say that we are sixty miles off the Hebrides, so that we shall be there early to-morrow morning. This evening we are to have a special prayer-meeting. Oh! how much depends upon the efforts of to-morrow! *Will the savages receive us or not?* Perhaps at this moment you, or some other kind friend, may be wrestling with God for us. I am all anxiety, but desire prudence and faithfulness in the management of the attempt to impart the gospel to these benighted people, and leave the event with God. I brought twelve missionaries with me; two have settled at a beautiful island called Rotuma; the ten I have are for the New Hebrides and New Caledonia. The approaching week is to me the most important of my life.'—p. 566.

At the island of Tanna he was well received, and on the 18th made his last entry in his journal. Here it is.

'Monday morning, 18th.—This is a memorable day, a day which will be transmitted to posterity; and the record of the events which have this day transpired, will exist, after those who have taken part in them have retired into the shades of oblivion; and the results of this day will be——'

Oh! what a 'will be;' what a mysterious communing with the future was this? Mr. Prout successfully shows, from those laws which interpret mind in the process of writing, that this sentence was penned in the evening, though dated, on the morning of the 18th, and says, 'the sentence is so remarkable, viewed in connexion with subsequent events, as to give to the opinion of Dr. Campbell much plausibility, that this 'servant of God wrote, though unconsciously, under a supernatural impression.''



From a journal written by Williams's amanuensis, we have this brief account. 'About one o'clock [on Tuesday, Nov. 19] we set sail [from Tanna] and stood to the northward, for the island of *Erromanga*, and got to its southern side sufficiently early in the evening to run along the coast for the distance of some miles to the westward, till at its becoming dark, and being unable to distinguish the creeks and bays in the land, we put the vessel about to lie-to during the night.'

The next dawn was the morning of that dark and dreadful day, when the earthly course of this apostolic man was closed. On that morning he told a friend 'that he had passed a sleepless night, from the consideration of the magnitude and importance of the work before him; that he was much oppressed by its weight, and feared that he might have undertaken more than he should be able to fulfil; that so extensive were the islands which he had engaged to survey, that many years of anxious toil would be requisite ere he could realize his own designs, or meet the expectations of his friends at home.' Shortly after this conversation he entered the boat, and landed upon the strand upon which he was so soon to sink beneath the assassin's club, and pour out his blood as an oblation in his Divine Master's service.

We feel literally as if an oppressive and crushing burden were removed from our heart, by saying, in the language of Mr. Prout, 'But the dark details of that hour, so sorrowful to survivors, but so glorious for him, will be best described by the circumstantial communications of Captain Morgan and Mr. Cunningham, who stood with him, and saw him fall upon that savage shore.' And for these 'circumstantial communications' we must refer our readers to the work, for we feel that we cannot have the heart to detail them.

So died this messenger of peace! 'Father, forgive them, for they knew not what they did.' 'Where is Williamu?' cried the natives of Tanna. 'Where is Missi William?' cried the native teachers of Samoa, and the multitudes wept as they uttered their pathetic cries, 'Arie, Williamu! arie, Tama!'—'Alas, Williamu! alas, our father!'

'Even the heathen were drawn to the place and joined in these lamentations. All were anxious to see Mrs. Williams, and to administer consolation; but this for many hours she was unable to bear. At length, towards the evening, she yielded to the great importunity of Malietoa, who had hastened from his own settlement, and allowed him to be admitted; and as soon as he entered the room, he burst forth into the most passionate expressions of distress, weeping, beating his breast, and crying, 'Alas, Williamu! Williamu! our father! our father! He has turned his face from us! We shall never see him more! He that brought us the good word of salvation is gone! Oh, cruel heathen!

They knew not what they did! How great a man they have destroyed! After indulging for some time in these and similar exclamations; he turned to Mrs. Williams, who was lying upon a sofa, and kneeling by her side, he gently took her hand, and while the tears were flowing fast down his cheeks, he said, in the softest and most soothing tones, 'Oh, my mother! do not grieve so much; do not kill yourself with grieving. You, too, will die with sorrow, and be taken away from us, and then, oh! what shall we do? Think of John, and of your very little boy who is with you, and think of that other little one in a far distant land, and do not kill yourself. Do love, pity, and compassionate us.'—p. 587, 588.

Here we close the volume. His works are his name; his works are his character; his works are his monument and renown.

Of Mr. Prout we wish to say a word or two. Every one who reads this volume will feel that he is an admirable biographer. We reckon it the highest perfection of a biographer, so to write as to be perfectly forgotten in the life of his hero. Andrew Fuller, great as he was, never comes to our mind while we are reading his life of Pearce. This is exactly the case with Mr. Prout. Like a master of good writing, and skilful controller of other minds, he contrives to keep our hearts so occupied with Williams that we have no time to think of the biographer. He writes as if he had thought it rude to put in a word or a sentence now and then to remind us that, after all, it is HE who enables us thus to travel with Williams, and talk with him by the way. We think that the reader of biography is never reminded of the biographer but where there is either gross selfishness or decided mannerism. From both these sins, the mortal and the venial, Mr. Prout is completely free. He has succeeded in producing a LIFE of Williams. The volume is Williams living, sailing, preaching, and speaking. Here is no fashionable philosophizing on character, no amiable laudations, but a real, living LIFE of Williams, as a man, a Christian, and a missionary. Mr. Prout has written the Life of Williams in sentences composed by his mighty works and labours.

To the volume is prefixed a good portrait of Williams on board the Camden, in view of an island. It is enough to say that the portrait was drawn and engraved by Baxter. The entire getting up of the volume does great credit to the publisher.

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Art. V. *Fasti Hellenici*. Volume Second. By H. F. Clinton, Esq., M.A., Student of Christ Church. Third Edition. 1841.

WE are, perhaps, making a bold experiment in venturing on any more detailed review of this valuable work than has already ap-

peared in our pages. The miscellaneous character of the matter contained in it makes it impossible to give any unity to our remarks upon it. Vague praise would be easily given, and vague censure of so well-known and highly-esteemed a production would only bring discredit upon ourselves. Nor, indeed, can we hope that more than a small portion of our readers will be able to take interest in our lucubrations. Nevertheless, we claim their indulgence for this once, and we give them leave to protest that our erudition is too dry for them to peruse.

It is rather remarkable, in regard both to Greece and Rome, that for the times at which we possess written political orations, we have no contemporaneous or native historians; and the surviving works of the great orators at once furnish valuable materials for history, and most urgently need themselves the illustration of a history. To explain the Roman orators, we have more trustworthy help, it is true, from Dio Cassius, Asconius, and Appian, (not to name minor scholiasts,) than from Diodorus or Plutarch for illustrating the Greek orators; and to speak generally, the Roman chronology, during the times which are to be called historical, involves far fewer difficulties than have long beset that of Greece. The first and most delightful of Greek prose writers, the venerable Herodotus, leaves many chronological doubts on the mind of a reader, even as to the most recent and trustworthy portions of his history; and what may seem more strange, the precise and careful Thucydides—who, during the years of the war which he professes to narrate, follows the systematic form of annals—yet, in regard to events which are beyond that circle, is often obscure enough as to dates with which he must have had the most accurate acquaintance. The later events, when Xenophon's history fails us, are again involved in uncertainty; to say nothing of the difficulties which the interpolations in Xenophon's own narrative, and the probable loss of its opening, have produced. The volume now before us treats just of this central part of Grecian history—from the rise of undoubted chronology, to the era at which the Greek states lose their predominating interest and the history of Rome begins to swallow up that of Greece. Mr. Clinton has limited it thus:—From the first usurpation of Pisistratus, in Athens, (B.C. 560,) to the death of the first successors of Alexander, (nearly B.C. 280.) The *former* date coincides within a year with the accession of Cyrus in Persia, and, as nearly as possible, with the commencement of Greek historical writing in prose. At the *latter*, the Achæan league arose; the Gauls first burst into Greece; the Asiatic monarchies assumed the form which they permanently kept; and the Roman and Greek armies first met, by the invasion of King Pyrrhus. Mr. Clinton has justly selected this era



as a natural division of time ; while by opening his volume with Pisistratus and Cyrus, he excludes mythological narrative and doubtful genealogies.

Mr. Clinton's tables contain not only the events or facts of each year, but to a great extent the authorities for them, *quoted in full from the original writers*, except in the case of the commonest classics, to whom a reference is sufficient. This enables all who have even the most limited library, to verify at pleasure the greatest part of his work. The great bulk of the additional Treatises, with the ample Notes and Introduction, are on the scale of the ponderous tomes of the old scholars, and refute the opinion of those who fancy that the old-fashioned erudition is quite extinct among us. In another respect, also, we may look on Mr. Clinton as—perhaps the *last*, of the old school ; as certainly he is not the least respectable—viz., that he stands out firmly in defence of the old genealogists, and takes much pains to reduce mythology into history. His excellent sense, indeed, uniformly preserves him from attempting this in any of the extremer cases : still, we are disposed to think that even his *second* volume (with which alone we are concerned) is far less successful when it touches such subjects, than when it deals with more tangible matter ; nor do we think that his excursions into Asiatic chronology are among the most satisfactory parts of his work.

Dry and tedious as the study of chronology may seem, we believe that it gradually assumes to the mind of the student a place similar to that which is sustained by anatomy in the art of drawing. The skeleton must be well set in the first instance, else no beauty of filling up can make the figure living and true. Chronology, joined with geography, gives the skeleton and framework of history ; and it has an interest of its own, which grows upon the diligent investigator. We cannot, however, too strongly express our sense of the importance of accustoming ourselves, in all literary study, to strive after fixed conceptions of time as well as space. No small part of the art of criticism—i.e., of the art or science of believing and disbelieving aright, depends upon this. The intellectual discipline of reading a speech of Demosthenes, or a book of Herodotus, with a perpetual reference to these points, is beyond comparison more beneficial to the mind, than when they are allowed to be neglected ; and at the same time, whatever gives fixedness to these notions exceedingly assists the memory. Independently, therefore, of any intrinsic value involved in a right ascertainment of Greek dates, we feel that a great benefit accrues to every student who, by having access to such a book as Mr. Clinton's, is assisted to acquire the habit of reading accurately.

And here we cannot refrain from expressing our gratitude to Mr. Clinton for his decisive following of popular utility, in registering all his dates *with reference to the Christian era*. The desirableness of this appears to us so obvious, or rather the vexatiousness of every other method so gratuitous, as well as so serious, that we are amazed that other eras should be allowed to compete with it. Niebuhr, however, has on principle rejected the modern measurement of time, and adheres to Olympiads and to the years of Rome; and in this crotchet has been followed by Dr. Arnold and Mr. Keightley, to the perplexity of learners, and with immense increase both of trouble and of ambiguity to the learned themselves. Nevertheless, since Clinton and Thirlwall, the Penny Cyclopædia, and the Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, have now all adopted the method of dating by the Christian era, we trust we may regard this method to have triumphed finally in England.

It is no new discovery that an accurate chronology was, for the reasons which we have named, of the first importance; but there are several causes which have made the progress of this, as of other sciences, only gradual. The older chronologists had very imperfectly learned the art of balancing evidence, and they were apt to give undue weight to those who were called standard writers, even in cases in which they did not deserve very great deference. Moreover, in distinguishing and rejecting spurious writings, they were either dull or over timid. If we must say the truth, it appears to us that Mr. Clinton is, on this latter point, rather behind his age: with a cautious *conservatism*, he clings as long as he can to documents which are either suspected or almost certainly spurious, although by so doing he involves himself in difficulty. The ignorance of the German language which he professes,—his early studies belonging to a time when the value of German literature was most inadequately known in England—may perhaps, in part, account for his want of tact, or at least of boldness, on this and kindred points. He is, however, very decided in preferring, in nearly all cases, a contemporary or early writer to a later authority, however respectable in itself; and by steadily following this principle, finds his way through many labyrinths. The earlier chronologers often embarrassed themselves by laying undue stress on the rather ambitious history of Diodorus the Sicilian, who is, in truth, so well-meaning, diligent, and useful a compiler, that we do not like to hear contumely heaped on him. Without his help, no continuous chronology of those times could be made out; and it is our own fault if we do not learn to use him judiciously. It is true, that he had not a strong or philosophic mind: he undertook too much, and often wrote inconsiderately; and there is a great difference

of value in the different parts of his work. But he has done what he could for us; and his services are real and great. If he has been unduly idolized, it is too bad to flog our idol as soon as we have found out that he is not a god. Mr. Clinton's use of his help appears to be particularly sober and judicious; nor does he fall into ill humour with the worthy old historian when he thinks him to be wrong.

Mr. Clinton's clear insight into the amount of numerical information to be extracted from an ancient writer, is sometimes interesting. One example may illustrate this. We read in Thucydides that at the opening of the Peloponnesian war, the Athenians had 13,000 men capable of serving as heavy armed troops, 1200 horsemen, 1600 bowmen, and 16,000 on garrison duty and watch; these last, consisting of the oldest and youngest citizens, *mixed with* the naturalized aliens. From such data does Mr. Clinton undertake to disentangle the number of the aliens—a problem which might at first seem impossible. His process is as follows (p. 478):—By the *oldest*, the historian means the men above 60; and by the *youngest*, those between 18 and 20; as we learn from other sources; and [omitting the *bowmen*, we do not quite understand why], it seems there were 13,000 + 1200 citizens, or 14,200, between the ages of 20 and 60. But in Great Britain, when the males from 20 to 60 amounted to 4140, the men above 60 were 757, and the youths from 18 to 20 were about 504. Applying these proportions, we find that Athens then had 2596 men above 60, and 1728 youths between 18 and 20; the sum of which being deducted from 16,000, leaves 11,676 for the resident aliens who served as heavy armed troops. Of course this is only intended as a rough computation: but (if only it be certain that the bowmen were all foreigners) we see nothing to object to it as such.

But we shall proceed to comment in detail on a few points, in which it seems to us not impossible to add some fresh light to the subjects treated in the work before us.

One of Mr. Clinton's smaller contributions to our chronological knowledge is, his discussion concerning the time at which the Pythian games were held. The result to which he has arrived appears to us substantially sound, and we believe it has convinced his learned translator Krueger. We are induced to enter somewhat into the question here, because not only is an opposite opinion—that of Corsini—maintained by the highest German authorities, as Boeckh and Müller, but the same view has been followed in the excellent Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, (*Art. Pythian Games*), without any notice that there are strong arguments against it. Moreover, Arnold and Clinton, who on the whole agree, interpret the details of several passages



differently; and instead of giving mutual support, each appears to be undermining the other's argument. The case may be thus briefly stated:—

(1.) The Olympic years, as the years of Athens, begin in midsummer; and the first year of each Olympiad opens in a year *before Christ*, which is a multiple of 4. Thus there were Olympic games at midsummer of the years B.C. 420, 416, 412, &c. This is well known. (2.) Since the writings of Corsini, it is no longer controverted that the Pythian games were in the *third* year of each Olympiad. Thus *between* the midsummers of 418 and 417, also of 414 and 413, &c., a Pythiad was celebrated. For this we have the direct testimony of Pausanias; and it is confirmed by every known case of their occurrence. The Phocians, for instance, were subdued by Philip the Great nearly in midsummer B.C. 346; and *after* this, the next known event is, his presiding at the Pythian games. (3.) It remains to inquire at what time of the year they were celebrated: and here, the great German scholars follow the Italian in declaring that they were *in the spring*, while Arnold will have them about *July*, and Clinton in *autumn*. The analogy of the other Greek feasts forbids us to suppose that the time was changeable from season to season.

Now it appears to us that a view intermediate to that of Clinton and Arnold is conceivable, which shall embrace both, and put an end to their difference. All such feasts were settled by very simple astronomical rules, such as would be intelligible to rude tribes, in spite of the variety of calendar in the several Greek states. For instance, the Olympic festival is believed to have been held on the *first full moon* after the summer solstice: and the simple rule was observed, (which gave a good approximation to the solar year,) of counting between successive Olympiads alternately forty-nine and fifty lunations, ninety-nine of which are within three days of eight solar years. Analogy suggests that some similar rule may have existed for the Pythian games. Now one of Mr. Clinton's arguments in proof that the Pythiad was held in the autumn, is drawn from Plutarch's statement, that after the great battle of Coronea, (B.C. 394,) when Agesilaus went to Delphi to offer the tithe of his spoils to Apollo, *it was the time of the Pythian games*. Both Boeckh and Arnold set this argument aside, by saying that Plutarch is not to be trusted: but we cannot consent to this mode of reasoning, while the question is still pending. Let us suppose, with Mr. Clinton, that Plutarch was right, and consider what follows. The battle was fought on the day of a sufficiently remarkable eclipse of the sun, which astronomers fix on August 13, 22h.,—that is (since their day is counted from noon), two hours before noon of

August 14. This eclipse implies that there was, astronomically, a new moon, which, on the evening of the 16th, would become visible. If, now, this was the time of the Pythian games, we find them celebrated, at least on one occasion, at the new moon; and even the analogy of the Olympian games makes it probable that either the full or new moon must have ordinarily marked their celebration. This is a confirmation of Plutarch's statement not to be despised, if there is no counter evidence. As astronomers choose to compute backwards by the Julian, and not by the true solar year, the summer solstice in the year B.C. 394, is found to be on June 28, and the new moon in question was 'the *second* after the solstice.' Let us, for argument sake, suppose this to have been the general law of the Pythiad, and pursue the hypothesis into its results. In the year 382, the second new moon fell on July 31, 20h. of astronomer's time, which, reduced to civil time, (with June 21 for the solstice,) would place the Pythiad that year in the week following July 24. But, according to Aristides, (a rhetorician who lived under Marcus Antoninus,) the Pythian games that year were going on at the time when Phœbidas seized the Cadmea of Thebes. This is made by Dr. Arnold an objection against Mr. Clinton; for, says he, the military operations which followed in the same year, show that the event must have happened 'much earlier than August or September.' He therefore puts it 'about the beginning of our July.' But if we (following out a part of Mr. Clinton's view) are here right, the date falls barely a fortnight or three weeks later than Dr. Arnold claims to have it; and between him and us, it would seem, there can be no controversy. If three weeks could here be of so great importance, we should have to ask, whether the authority of Aristides deserves to be upheld at the expense of Plutarch; and whether the former may not have been wrong, and the latter right. Boeckh, indeed, from the necessity of his hypothesis, holds them *both* to be mistaken: for as it is admitted that the Pythiad fell in the third Olympic year, he would need to delay it in this instance till the spring of B.C. 381; whereas, it is certain that Phœbidas's enterprise was in the summer of 382. So far, then, the case is unfavourable to the German view, and agrees to that of our English scholars. The same result comes out from the Pythiad noticed by Thucydides in the opening of his fifth book, when speaking of the summer of the year 422. His words are:— 'And the following summer, the truce for the year had ended at the Pythian games'—*διελέλυντο μέχρι Πυθίων*. Whatever the difference between Arnold and Clinton as to the translation and interpretation of the passage, it seems to us in any case irreconcilable with the idea of Boeckh and Goeller, that the games

did not take place till the spring of *the year after*. We feel persuaded that Arnold's explanation is the true one—viz., the truce had begun in the spring of 423, and ought to have ended in the spring of 422, as it was made only for a year; but, in fact, it lasted a little later—viz., *until* the summer of 422, at the time of the Pythian games. In that year there was a new moon (in astronomical time) on July 25, 0h., and it is possible that this was counted the second new moon after the solstice, since a new moon preceded the solstice by so short a time, that it would probably be counted the first moon of that year.

These three cases put together, strike us as strong in favour of Mr. Clinton's view; but the next argument is rightly called by Dr. Arnold the strongest, and appears to us quite decisive. In his speech on the Crown, Æschines tells us that the Pythian games are to be held *in a few days*; and it is certain from that speech that he had not yet heard of the death of the last Darius, strange as it may seem that Boeckh is not convinced by the evidence. The words of the orator are these:—‘The King of Persia is already driven to contend for the safety of his own person,’ which could not possibly have been said after the news had arrived of his murder. Now it is admitted that Darius was slain in the first month of Aristophon (who was archon B.C. 330—329)—i. e., about July, B.C. 330. More than three months cannot be allowed for the news of so important an event to reach Athens: hence, it is impossible to delay the Pythian games till the spring of the next year, which is nearly nine months. We find that a new moon is fixed by astronomers on July 27d. 0h., or, in our reckoning, about July 21, which, we conjecture, was (what we now venture to call) the *Pythian* moon.

It appears to us that the statement of Xenophon as to the Pythian games which followed the battle of Leuctra, although involving matter of debate between Arnold and Clinton, is again unfavourable to Corsini and Boeckh. The interference of Jason of Pheræ in the autumn of 371, to save the remnant of the Spartan army, his campaign in Phocis on his way back to Thessaly, his preparations in Thessaly, the announcement with a view to the Pythian games, and his assassination before the time arrived, follow one another consecutively in Xenophon, so as to give no idea of *two* winters intervening, which would be the case if the Pythiad fell in the spring of 369. On the other hand, we think Dr. Arnold is justified in writing, ‘It is manifest that Mr. Clinton has completely mistaken the sense of the passage. . . . It is strange that he should still persist in his mistake, even after Boeckh has pointed it out to him.’ Mr. Clinton, however, still perseveres, although his translator, Krüger, is also against him. He concedes that ἐς τὸν χρόνον may mean ‘at the



time,' yet in this passage of Xenophon, interprets it 'until the time. We quite allow to him, that *eis*, when the context is favourable, may be fitly interpreted *until*; indeed, his own instances are decisive. But in the present case, even if the immediate words were ambiguous, (which we hardly think they are,) the context is decisively in favour of the sense which Arnold and Boeckh assign to it. 'And as the Pythian games were approaching,' ἐπιόντων τῶν Πυθίων, says Xenophon, (Hell. vi. 4, 29,) 'he ordered the cities to fatten cows and sheep and goats and swine, and to prepare for sacrifice. . . . And he gave out also to the Thessalians to prepare for marching out at the time (ἐς τὸν χρόνον) of the Pythian games.' It is within the power of a general to begin a campaign, and it is at once natural and necessary to give notice to soldiers when to assemble for that purpose; but it is harder to conceive how Jason could give out when his campaign was to end, and rather unlikely in this case, when the games were already at hand. Moreover, it is clear that the campaign had *not* commenced when he was slain, although the Pythiad must have drawn very near. We do not understand why Mr. Clinton should be so unwilling to allow that in the years 370 and 422 the Pythiad fell early enough for a campaign to follow it, since he admits this of the year 382, in which Phœbidas surprised the Cadmea. Finally, we entirely agree with both Arnold and Clinton, that the Pythian games at which Philip presided cannot have been in the spring of B.C. 345, but must have been in the summer or autumn of the preceding year. About the summer solstice of B.C. 346, there were new moons on June 24d. 21h., July 24d. 5h., and August 22d. 13h., astronomer's time. We conjecture the Pythian moon to have been the last, or that the games began about August 18, of our reckoning. This allows Philip six or seven weeks after the submission of the Phocians, and agrees well enough with the history.

In pursuing this question into detail, we have obtained the polite and cordial assistance of a gentleman personally unknown to us, who is practically conversant with the computation of eclipses. As we are painfully conscious of the trouble we have inflicted on him, the hope of making his labours of use to some others besides ourselves, induces us to annex the following table, which he computed for us. It includes the century during which the Metonic cycle was used at Athens, from the beginning of the Peloponnesian war to the era at which Athens ceased to be a leading state. It must be remembered that the time is *astronomical*; and that at the beginning of the table the average summer solstice is June 28th, at the end June 27th:—

B. C.	Olymp. F. M.	Pythian N. M.	B. C.	Olymp. F. M.	Pythian N. M.
	d. h.	d. h.		d. h.	d. h.
432	June 29 14		380	July 24 15	
430	- - -	Aug. 22 0	378	- - -	Aug. 17 5
428	July 16 0		376	July 11 0	
426	- - -	Aug. 7 5	374	- - -	Aug. 2 9
424	July 1 8		372	July 26 9 ?	
422	- - -	July 25 0 ?	370	- - -	Aug. 18 16
420	July 17 9		368	July 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ *	
418	- - -	Aug. 8 18	366	- - -	Aug. 4 0
416	July 3 2		364	June 28 12 ?	
414	- - -	July 26 14	362	- - -	Aug. 19 23
412	July 18 13		360	July 14 0*	
410	- - -	Aug. 10 9	358	- - -	Aug. 5 19
408	July 4 21		356	June 30 6	
406	- - -	July 28 0	354	- - -	Aug. 22 7
404	July 19 22		352	July 15 $\frac{1}{3}$ *	
402	- - -	Aug. 12 3	350	- - -	Aug. 7 12
400	July 6 14		348	July 1 19	
398	- - -	July 29 9	346	- - -	Aug. 22 13
396	July 21 15		344	July 17 *	
394	- - -	Aug. 13 22	342	- - -	Aug. 9 6
392	July 8 4		340	July 3 6	
390	- - -	July 30 8	338	- - -	July 25 13 ?
388	July 22 22		336	July 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ *	
386	- - -	Aug. 15 15	334	- - -	Aug. 10 20
384	July 9 16		332	July 4 11	
382	- - -	July 31 20	330	- - -	July 27 0

We have already intimated that no small part of the labour of Mr. Clinton's second volume is employed in illustrating the Greek orators. The length at which we have already written on one point warns us that it is absolutely necessary to limit ourselves narrowly, and we shall confine our remarks henceforth to dates which fall within the public life of Demosthenes.

Bishop Thirlwall has already offered, what appears to us, valid ground for supposing, that the conquest of Sidon and of Egypt by Artaxerxes Ochus have been put five years too high by Diodorus; in whose account Mr. Clinton, in common with other chronologers, acquiesces. Thirlwall's argument (*Hist. Greece*, vol. vi. p. 143) depends on the date, B. C. 346, assigned by Clinton to the  $\Phi\lambda\iota\pi\pi\omicron\varsigma$  of Isocrates, at which time Egypt was not yet re-conquered. That the received date, B. C. 350, cannot be accurate, may likewise be proved from Clinton's own determination of the battle of Tamynæ to that year. For Phocion was the Athenian commander in that battle, which was fought in the opening spring; yet, according to the common chronology,

\* The asterisk indicates that the dates to which it is affixed have been determined by interpolation. The note of interrogation is added, when the (new or full) moon is so near to the solstice, as to give rise to a doubt *which* would be counted the first moon in the new year.

Phocion was in Cyprus during the years 351 and 350, commanding the Carian forces on behalf of the Persians. We may here remark that the date of the battle of Tamynæ itself is fixed by Mr. Clinton, not without some singularly bold conjectural emendations of the text of Dionysius. In the same sentence, he changes Πύλας into Ταμύνας, Θουμήδου into Θεσσαλίου, τρισκαίδεκατον into ἐνδέκατον, besides introducing the word Ταμύνης, where the common text is defective. Whatever may be thought of the propriety of the last change which we have named, (13th into 11th,) it would seem that Mr. Clinton is substantially right in his desperate remedies for so desperate a case.

Mr. Clinton has placed the three Olynthiac orations of Demosthenes all together in the year 349; and quotes from Dionysius to the effect that they were all spoken while Callimachus was archon. This, however, only shows that the last of them was before midsummer, 348. Since, however, in that which (with Dionysius and Thirlwall) we regard as the second Olynthiac, Demosthenes computes that it is 'three or four years since they heard that Philip was engaged in besieging the fortress of Heræum in Thrace, which was in the month Mæmacterion,' (Dem. p. 29,) we seem to be justified in bringing the second and third Olynthiacs somewhat later. The Mæmacterion in question is confessed to be (about November) in the year 352; if Demosthenes had spoken these words before the year 349 ended, he could scarcely have called it 'three or four years ago.' We should not hesitate to place this Olynthiac as late as April, B.C. 348, and the last of them a month or two later; more especially since Olynthus was not captured until the following spring, according to Clinton. Dr. Leonard Schmitz, we observe, (article *ÆSCHINES*, Dict. Ancient Biogr.) adheres to the opinion that the capture was in 348; and Thirlwall, in order to evade the force of Clinton's reasoning, has adopted the idea that the 'Olympian truce,' spoken of by Æschines, (Fals. L. 243,) may have been Philip's own imitation of the Olympian games, (vol. v. p. 333.) But the story which is told about Phrynon, evidently supposes that the truce extended over all Greece; and it appears to us impossible to deny that Æschines represents the coquettings for peace between Philip and Athens to have preceded the fall of Olynthus.

We now come to a point on which we are almost afraid of speaking our own mind; especially as we cannot here afford room for adequately justifying our belief, against the weight of authority which opposes us. It is our conviction that all, or nearly all, the documents quoted in the celebrated speech of Demosthenes on the Crown, are spurious; and that Boeckh and Clinton alike are wasting their labour, in trying to extract history



and chronology out of them. Nay, what is worse still, they put forced interpretations on genuine writings, in order to bring them into a so-called harmony with these spurious or doubtful ones. Great liberties of correction are, moreover, taken by both these learned men, in cases of desperation. Thus, Clinton alters Boedromion into Hecatombæon, and Boeckh, 'facili mutatione,' transforms\* 'spring' into 'autumn,' to escape the anachronisms of these documents. In fact, in spite of all that Corsini, the last of the great Attic chronologers before Mr. Clinton, has said to set up a theory of his own, as well as to disprove the theories of his predecessors, the false names of archons which disfigure these fragments, are quite enough to condemn them. We seem to ourselves able, over and above, to give proof that the dates of many of them are impossible; that their contents do not answer to the argument founded upon them in the speech; and that they contain numerous marks of a phraseology, which belongs to a more recent Greek—the dialect of Polybius, or even of Diodorus. In regard to some of them we have to ask in vain, why Philip writes to Thebans or Peloponnesians in the Attic dialect; in others, strange errors as to the description of persons have been noted, such as calling Eubulus a *Cyprian* instead of an *Anaphlystian*, and Cottyphus an *Arcadian* instead of a *Pharsalian*. It seems impossible to produce anything but confusion in chronology and history, if we are to regard them as authoritative; and in following them even for a moment, we are liable to run into error. We perceive that the learned Dr. L. Schmitz has ventured to write, on the authority of the first of these documents:—'*Five Athenian ambassadors, but not Demosthenes*, (De Coronâ, p. 235,) set out for Macedonia, the more speedily,' &c. &c. It is true, that the decree to which reference is here made, gives the names of five ambassadors, of whom Demosthenes is not one. But alike from Æschines (F.L. 275, 276, &c.) and from Demosthenes himself, (F.L. 346, 359,) we learn that Demosthenes *was* one of them. The decree which sent them abroad was dated Munychion 3rd, according to Æschines, (F.L. 271,) but Hecatombæon 30th,

\* This *facilis mutatio* involves no slight perplexity. It forces him to introduce an irregular meeting of the Amphietyonic council (in the *summer*?) at Pylæ, although there is not a word to indicate this in the orators themselves, or in any of the documents; and it most inconveniently shortens by half a year the time allowed to Philip for marching from Byzantium through Thrace, across the Danube, and coming back to Macedonia with an army encumbered with spoil. Æschines informs us that Philip was 'far away among the Scythians' at the former of these two meetings, and the latter was held '*long after*, when Philip was returned from his Scythian campaign.' In our own view, this '*long after*' means *six months*. Boeckh's scheme, we think, would reduce it to *three*.

according to the spurious document. It was when Demosthenes was a member of the senate, according to both orators: it was after he had left the senate, if the document rightly puts it into Hecatombæon. It is clear, also from Demosthenes, (F.L. 359,) that it was between Elaphebolion 19th, and Skirophorion 13th, and soon after the former date; which agrees well enough with Æschines, and again refutes the spurious decree. We will not pretend that we have equally positive disproof of all the other documents; but if half of them be clearly proved spurious, surely the false names of archons are alone amply sufficient to stamp the rest as untrustworthy.

Mr. Clinton's excellent tact has kept him from being set astray by these vexatious documents, to the same extent as we venture to think that Taylor, Corsini, Boeckh, have been, and, lastly, Dr. Leonard Schmitz. In deference to those contained between pp. 280—283, these learned men believe in an additional campaign of Philip in Phocis, before his seizure of Elatea, for which, we think Mr. Clinton most rightly judges that Demosthenes leaves no room. The orator's words in p. 278 are as follows:—'Philip was chosen general of the Amphictyons. After this, immediately having collected a force and gained admittance [through Pylæ] *as if* to march against the country of Cirrha, he bade good-by both to the Cirrhæans and the Locrians, and seized Elatea.' Out of these words, Boeckh (as quoted in Clinton, p. 355, 356) seems to make out that Philip actually entered Cirrhæa, and captured various cities in the course of some months, before seizing Elatea! He pleads, indeed, that we *must* suppose this, because the decrees require it; as if they did not carry on their face the strongest suspicion of unauthenticity.\* On the whole, it seems to us that the interminable disputes concerning this year's proceedings, cannot be decided until these documents be altogether rejected; when that has been agreed upon, it is probable that a scheme fundamentally the same as Mr. Clinton's will be acknowledged—viz., 'that Æschines attended the Amphictyonic assembly [at Delphi, Æsch. Ctes.

\* Thirlwall says that 'perhaps the letter of Philip, in De Coronâ, p. 280, is not genuine,' (vol. vi. p. 65, note 2.) A special proof of its spuriousness may possibly be found in its making the Athenian Boedromion correspond with the Macedonian Lous; which Clinton proves (against Boeckh) to have been impossible. Now, we also learn from Clinton that, in later times, Lous at Cæsarea was used for the Roman September, and that Boedromion, in many towns of Greece, was the representative of that same Roman month. This will quite account for a more recent forger supposing that Boedromion was Lous; and certainly gives no countenance to Corsini's conjectural *amendment*, of Hecatombæon for Boedromion, which Mr. Clinton strangely defends.

410, &c.] for the first time, in the spring of 339; and that the tumult against the Amphissians followed immediately; that at the autumnal meeting [at Pylæ, *Æsc. Ctes.* 413] they made Cottyphus their general, who soon, to all appearance, subdued the Amphissians; but when his army was dispersed, their exiles returned, and everything that had been done was undone. Hereupon, at the *next* Pylæa, [*De Coron.* 277,] in the spring of 338, Philip, who was by this time returned from Scythia, was chosen general of the Amphictyons.' We feel persuaded that no difficulty attaches to this scheme, if we confine ourselves to the genuine accounts of the orators themselves, and the notices by the early chronicler Philochorus, preserved to us by Dionysius; and that their words yield no other natural meaning. While, as we have said, we feel persuaded that Mr. Clinton is substantially right, we are somewhat surprised that he should not have been staggered as to the authority of the documents, some of which are really so much in his way.

Again, considering the care with which Mr. Clinton has discussed the Pythian games, we are surprised that he did not discern that the opinion concerning them which he opposes, has a stronghold in these documents. Taylor has argued (*Prolegomena De Coronâ*, p. 11, of Dobson) that the Pythia at which Philip presided after the overthrow of the Phocians, (*Dem. F. L.* 380,) were held *later than* the 21st of Mæmacterion; on the authority of the decree, 'Mnesiphilus Archon,' in p. 238, *De Coronâ*. This would be, it seems to us, unanswerable, if the decree were genuine. But a sufficient proof that it is spurious, (in addition to the false archon,) is found in the fact, that the panic which, it says, happened on the 21st of Mæmacterion, Demosthenes himself puts on the 28th of Skirophorion, on the day of the Heraclæa, (*F. L.*, 359 and 368, combined.)

We wish we could strengthen our case by asserting positively that Thirlwall holds these documents to be spurious. He sometimes quotes them doubtfully, with the manner of one who suspects that all is not right. He generally seems to aim at making his history independent of them; and in one passage (*vol. vi. p. 60*) decidedly rejects several of them, and expresses doubt of all. One point more connected with this subject we must touch: the siege of Selymbria, which is imputed to Philip. Concerning this siege an unaccountable silence is observed by nearly all authors. Diodorus and Justin appear to have been wholly ignorant of it; the speeches of Demosthenes make no allusion to it. Even the decree transmitted to us, as passed by the Byzantines and Perinthians, (*p. 256,*) in token of gratitude for the Athenian succour, gives no hint of the danger or deliverance of Selymbria—



a decree, which we will say in passing, appears far more like a genuine document than most of the rest. As far as we are aware, the blockade of Selymbria is named only in an epistle imputed to Philip, which is found in this speech, and in the comment of the scholiast, who goes by the name of Ulpian. As for the latter, it is entirely drawn from the epistle itself, and does not imply any independent sources of knowledge. From Demosthenes we learn, merely, that 'Philip was the aggressor in breaking the peace, by seizing certain Athenian vessels,' (p. 249.) The date of this may be roughly fixed by considering that Aristodemus assaulted Magnesia in 343, and that Demosthenes justified the deed: the seizure of the ships must then have preceded this assault. Again, Demosthenes alludes to six successive decrees passed at Athens with reference to this business—apparently at intervals of time—the fifth of which was moved by Philocrates. Now, Philocrates had gone into banishment before Æschines spoke his speech *De Falsâ Legatione*, (or, as some say, published his memorial,) in 343. We are therefore disposed to believe this seizure of the vessels to have been either late in 344, or early in 343. But that it arose out of a blockade of Selymbria by Philip, as the epistle pretends, it is difficult to believe; for—as we know, from Demosthenes, that that city was in the Byzantine confederacy—such a step would have plunged Philip at once into the war with both Byzantium and Perinthus, which, it is certain, did not begin until several years later. It perhaps, then, is not wonderful that Thirlwall should betray embarrassment concerning this siege of Selymbria.

Another point of some difficulty on which we have not found help from Mr. Clinton, concerns the three successive occasions on which Demosthenes was crowned. The first was on the motion of his cousin Demomeles, during the rejoicings at Athens at the successes of the combined Theban and Athenian forces against Philip, after his seizure of Elatea. This must have been late in Hecatombæon—say, in the first fortnight of our July, B. C. 338. About two or three weeks later, the fatal battle of Chæronæa was fought; after which, Demosthenes was for some time unable to show himself; and, when at length he re-appeared, was persecuted by numerous attacks of a more or less formal kind. At length Diondas ventured to impeach Demomeles for having crowned Demosthenes, but was miserably defeated, not getting one-fifth part of the votes. At this crisis (we think) Aristonicus brought forward his decree for crowning the great orator, wishing to take advantage of the turn of tide in his favour. Purposely blinking at the intermediate events, he bestowed this honour on him as a reward for the success of his

policy in Eubœa, in the year 341. The crown was voted to him 'in the archonship of Chærondes, Gamelion 26th,' or the very end of January, B.C. 337, if the decree is genuine;\* and was thus (as Demosthenes himself says) the second proclamation which he received," (p. 253.) Either this explanation must be admitted, or we must suppose that the Byzantines sent a first crown to him; but, as Ulpian asks, why does he make no mention of that? We ought not, without necessity, to invent new honours of this sort for him. The statement which we have made is exclusively drawn from the oration itself; and we have only to add, that the third crown was that voted to him by the motion of Ctesiphon, probably *after* midsummer in B.C. 337. (See *Æsch. Ctes.* p. 376.)

One remark we will venture to make on Mr. Clinton's elaborate and valuable essay on the Attic months and the Metonic cycle. With Corsini, he interprets the words of Geminus (p. 408) to mean, that 'every sixty-third day' was struck out from the whole period of 235 months or 7050 days, in order to reduce the time to nineteen solar years. We propose the inquiry, whether the case does not demand that we should understand Geminus to mean 'every sixty-fourth day.' The Greek preposition *διὰ* appears to us to leave his statement ambiguous; and the arithmetic computation to countenance our view. This question sensibly affects us, when we endeavour to draw up a table for turning Metonic time into the computation of the Julian year.†

A supplement to this essay contains Mr. Clinton's defence of Ruhnken's opinion concerning the time of the Lenæa, against the new views of Boeckh, which have of late obtained so much currency; more, we imagine, from the high and well-earned fame of the author, than from a very profound perception that he has established his point. This, however, is one of the controversies which appears to us not yet terminated; in endeavouring to decide it ourselves, we become distracted by the diffuse erudition called in, and by the necessity of reasoning from mere fragments of antiquity, many of which need conjectural emendation.

We must be careful, however, not to leave on the reader's

\* The double name 'Chærondas Hegemon' is the chief, perhaps the only, argument against the genuineness of *this* decree. It appears as if 'Hegemon' (a fictitious archon) was originally read in the text, and that some one had corrected it to 'Chærondas.' If, however, the document is authentic, the name Chærondas must be genuine, and the date of the decree of Aristonicus is positively fixed.

† Since the above has been in the printer's hands, we have found a diversity of opinion concerning Meton's Calendar between Mr. Clinton and the *Dict. of Gr. & Rom. Antt.*; which seems to shew that the whole question needs deeper inquiry.

mind the false impression that Mr. Clinton's labours are destined to illustrate any narrow portion of Grecian life. They aim to be commensurate with the whole extant literature of Greece; embracing poetry and philosophy, as much as history and oratory. The volume before us, we believe we may say, has been more and more extensively known, and more highly appreciated, every five years since it first appeared; and we believe it is destined long to be a guide and friendly help to hundreds and thousands, who in the study of antiquity shall be learning to understand their own days and their own selves, and to become able followers and teachers of all that is true, and good, and noble.

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Art. VI. *The Pastor Chief; or, the Escape of the Vaudois.* A Tale of the Seventeenth Century. Three vols. London: Cunningham and Mortimer.

THE historical associations of the valleys of Piedmont are fraught with deep interest to Protestant Christendom. Secluded by their geographical position, the inhabitants of these valleys were preserved, during many centuries, from the revolutions experienced by other nations, and retained in consequence more of the manners, habits, and faith of their fathers than was common with their neighbours. The massive mountains which encircled their valleys, while they preserved from foreign encroachments, exempted also from the more stealthy inroads made by the dominant faith of Rome in other directions. Their social character, as well as their religious belief and forms of worship, were thus preserved intact—a signal memento of the faith of former times, and an earnest of the spiritual emancipation which yet awaited the European family. It was not to be supposed that such a people, so distinct in their habits and belief from all others, would be permitted to remain undisturbed, and we consequently find that they were exposed, from time to time, to fierce and protracted assaults from their more powerful and despotic neighbours. These assaults, though mainly excited by the bigotry of a superstitious church, were directed against their civil liberties as well as their religious faith. A tyrannical monarch and an intriguing priesthood leagued together against them, and the consequences were both painful and disastrous. Their strongholds were stormed, their villages pillaged, and their wives and children mercilessly butchered. Surrounded by kingdoms over which tyranny, civil and religious, had long extended its sway, they were regarded with apprehension and hatred, and every instru-



ment which craft and power could employ, was brought into operation against them. Their characters were maligned, their religious faith was represented as impiety, their worship as a compound of obscenity and crime, and the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Christendom called upon secular princes to raze their temples to the ground, and to exterminate their very name. Two hundred years ago, Cromwell showed the better features of his character by a prompt and vigorous interposition on their behalf. The pen of Milton advocated their cause, and, backed by the known determination and generous policy of the Protector, was successful in obtaining for them a temporary respite. But the Restoration ensued, and tyranny instantly felt that there was no longer a generous protector to interpose between itself and the innocent people whom it had doomed to destruction. The first open war denounced against the Vaudois was instigated by Pope Innocent VIII., in the fifteenth century, and was followed, at brief intervals, by various others, amounting to nearly forty in number. The atrocities perpetrated in the course of these persecutions are recorded by Perrin, Boyer, Gilles, and Léger, whose truthful narrations fill the reader with horror, while they describe in glowing terms the gallant defence which the poor mountaineers made. This history constitutes, undoubtedly, one of the darkest chapters in the long roll of papal misdeeds, and stands forth to the people of Europe a fearful warning against priestism in any form. Harmless as it may appear in its incipient stages, mild its language, chameleon-like its complexion, it can become, and when allowed to attain maturity, invariably has become, crafty as an assassin, and cruel as a tiger.

The present work relates to that period of Waldensian history when Victor-Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, instigated by Louis XIV., rescinded the privileges of his protestant subjects, and overran their valleys with mercenary and licentious soldiery. The horrors of this war, together with the barbarities practised on such of the Vaudois as were captured by their assailants, are matters of history, and have been related at full length by Boyer.

Such is the scene which the present writer has undertaken to embody in the form of an historical novel; and the nature of the subject, together with the manner of its execution, has induced us to depart from our usual practice, and to give a somewhat extended notice of his work. We took it up with no great expectations, supposing we should meet with violent party views, partaking of the political protestantism of the day, without any of the redeeming qualities which characterize the higher productions of literature. Of the former, however, though the theme was confessedly tempting, we have happily found no trace, whilst

the spirit of the narrative, the graphic force with which its scenes are delineated, the ability shown in the sketching of character, and in the grouping both of incidents and of personages, and, above all, the general truthfulness of the delineations, the *verisimilitude* of the likeness, are indicative of a far higher and more healthful order of talent than is frequently observable in modern fictions.

The scene opens in the neighbourhood of the valley of Angrogna, where the remains of a once proud castle testified that 'the iron hand of time had pressed less heavily on its architecture than that more ruthless one of warlike violence, inflamed by the false doctrines of bigotry and superstition.'

The principal personages of the drama are at once introduced, as constituting the domestic circle of Henri Arnaud, the Vaudois pastor, one of those extraordinary men to whom fiction can give no charm additional to that which history supplies. Simple yet earnest in his piety, realizing the future with unwonted distinctness, yet alive to every claim of the present, capable of exciting the tenderest love of his child, while he ruled, with the omnipotence of a religious passion, the rude mountaineers about him. Fearless of danger and bold in action, yet gifted with singular forbearance and prudence next to foresight, at once a soldier and a pastor, the leader in many a hard struggle, and the friend who whispers words of consolation and hope to the spirit as it parts from its earthly tenement, Henri Arnaud was singularly endowed by Providence for the work he had to perform. His household consisted of Anima, daughter of the last Count of Solara, the sprightly graces and natural loveliness of whose childhood won the strong affection of the venerable man to whom her father had in death consigned her. 'The attractions of Anima were enhanced by the strong contrast afforded by her friend and constant companion, Arnaud's only daughter. Both in the bloom of youth, both lovely and amiable, were yet most different. The dark, beaming eye of her southern origin, true index of the strong feelings within, the elastic gait, the sparkling smile, and more than all, the sprightliness of mind, and poetry of feeling and imagination, characterized the one, while in the other a determination of purpose, and loftiness of character, derived from a sense of the deep injuries of her native land, inspired almost awe while it won admiration.'

Aware of the dangers which began to threaten the inhabitants of his valley, Arnaud was deeply anxious to secure for Anima a protector, in whose fidelity and tenderness he might fully confide. Both qualities were united in Walter Durand, his friend and former pupil, and the aged pastor rejoiced to observe that he was not insensible to the attractions of his ward. Little did

he think that there was another within his house, one still dearer to his heart, whose happiness was for a time to be withered by the attachment of Durand to Anima. But so it was, as the sequel of the narrative too clearly shows.

‘Unacknowledged, even to herself, the still poison had crept into the bosom of his child—his Marie. From infancy she had been the companion of Walter, the sharer of all his thoughts; nor was it till she heard the pastor talk of him as the husband of another, and that other her dearest friend, that she discovered how necessary he had become to herself: nor even then could she analyze the feelings the words of her father had first brought to light.

‘Educated in his earlier life by the pastor, Durand’s mind had been nourished from the best and purest sources of knowledge which the scanty library (the national property confided to the Barbes or pastors) afforded. The means indeed were small, and not calculated to impart much classical lore, yet they were sufficient to refine and elevate a mind which nature had fitted to receive the precious seed.

‘An orphan, whilst yet a child, he enjoyed but little inheritance beside the sword of honour presented to his grandsire by Gustavus Adolphus, the documents of an unstained pedigree, and the memory of virtuous parents.

‘Some years older than Marie, Durand was dearer for this to one whose reflective mind enabled her to sympathize in the deep purposes of manhood, which the state of the country now roused in the breasts of the Vaudois, whose sense of present evil was rendered still more acute by the remembrance of past injuries.’—Vol. i., pp. 11—14.

Such are the parties destined to act a chief part in the narrative contained in these volumes, and we hasten to acquaint our readers with its more prominent events. Rumours of approaching danger had for some time been spreading through the Vaudois valleys, when Walter Durand unexpectedly appeared to a party of peasants, assembled after the labours of the day to try their skill and the range of their rifles, by firing at the target. Having partaken for a moment of their sport, and justified his former reputation as a marksman of the first order, he hastened to retire, whispering to the elder of the group—‘The French are at hand! Bid these youngsters disperse, and retire quietly to your huts, unless you would provoke their insults.’ This was enough. The sounds of merriment ceased, and many a heart, which had never known fear, beat with painful apprehension. A messenger from Savoy speedily arrived with fresh requisitions, demanding additional taxes, ordering their churches to be pulled down, and requiring that their children should be baptized in the communion of the church of Rome. To the first, Arnaud counselled submission; the second, he remarked, had been already carried into effect; and the third, it was resolved, at



every hazard, to refuse. 'Better torture than apostasy; better death here than punishment hereafter!' shouted Durand, and the response passed from lip to lip in answer to that black edict of persecution.

The same messenger who brought these terrible requisitions for the Vaudois, was charged also with an order, backed by the authority of the duke, for the restoration of Anima de Solara to Madame de Saony, her aunt, and a great favourite at the court of Savoy. This order was complied with at a terrible cost of feeling to all parties; and the venerable pastor and his diminished household prepared themselves for the fearful tempest which was about to devastate their valleys. That tempest came with even more than its anticipated violence; but Arnaud, Marie, and Durand, were faithful to their profession. Had all hearts been equally upright and firm as theirs, the troops of Savoy, though aided by those of France, would probably have failed amidst the natural and all but impregnable barriers which encompassed the dwellings of the Vaudois; but treachery was amongst them, and the usual result followed. After every effort which brave men could make in defence of their homes, Arnaud and his heroic daughter were exiles in a strange land, whilst Walter Durand was incarcerated with many of his countrymen in one of those prisons where disease and want were summoned to destroy a hated race. It was a terrible journey, amidst dangers rarely paralleled, by which a small party of the exiles succeeded in finding their way to Switzerland. It was in the spring, when the streets of Geneva were pervaded by an unusual bustle, and the gathering crowd bore witness to the presence of some object of more than ordinary interest:—

'At first, the tumultuous sounds of the eager multitude precluded the possibility of finding the object of their search; but soon a groan of indignation, and a cry of commiseration, made it evident that these were called forth by some act of injustice, some tale of dark distress.

'At length, the crowd dividing, disclosed a group of beings, whose emaciated appearance and looks of anguish scarcely left them a similitude to the well-fed race who had gathered round them.

'Though hanging in tatters, which barely answered the purposes of decency, their clothing yet retained the marks of their national costume, and attested the truth of their assertion. Their number might exceed a dozen, and of these most had sunk exhausted on the steps of the spacious hall, where they demanded admittance.

'Foremost of them was an old man, whose tall figure seemed sinking under the extreme of exhaustion, and a girl by his side, whose tottering frame, and drawn expression of want, revealed the misery she had endured. In hoarse accents the former strove to address the crowd, but his voice failing, his companion took up the tale; and when

the doors opened, and, clad in the official robes in which they had met to transact the public business, the Syndics appeared, she addressed them with an enthusiasm which even then lent beauty to her haggard countenance.

‘Protestants—rulers of a land where the tyrant’s sword dares not strike—the remnant of a people, who, for upwards of two centuries have resisted the persecutions of France and Savoy, now stand before you! Expelled from our native land, driven forth in the season of snow and storm, we have yet, by the help of our God, triumphed over the dangers of our route; and traversing the dark horrors of the mountain district, by a circuitous and hidden path, have come to ask mercy and protection from strangers to us in all but our faith; and as that holy bond teaches us to expect forgiveness in heaven, so let it be a claim on earth, for the famished Vaudois. Behold these sinking frames—these breathing skeletons! and think they were once men of strength and power; ay, and happy like yourselves! Send us not away amid the horrors of the whirlwind and the storm, but take to your sheltering bosom, the fast expiring ray of what was once the light of Christianity.’

‘Collected for that last effort, her whole strength was poured forth in the passionate entreaty; but when she ceased, exhausted by her exertions, Marie fell prostrate at the Syndic’s feet, the arms she had raised in supplication extended upon the ground, her long hair shading the noble proportions of her form.

‘The pitying Syndic raised her in his arms; but a wild cry of alarm burst from the lips of her countrymen, as they saw her lifeless form; and even the kind promises and proffered attentions of the Swiss were vain to pacify them, while they believed their beloved deliverer had expired.

‘At length, the blood began again to steal through her veins, her eyes unclosed, and she gazed on the companions of her toils, sought her father with anxious glances, and rejecting the assistance of the surrounding group, with tottering steps she reached his side. Then came the expression of sympathy in their woes, indignation at their oppressors, and closely urged offers of friendship and protection; and the Vaudois felt the sincerity of their simple friends, who feared not to shelter them, though outlawed and persecuted, friendless and forlorn.’  
—*Ib.*, pp. 217—221.

While these events were occurring, a sad change had taken place in the character of Anima. Young and inexperienced, with an imagination greatly preponderant over her judgment, flattered for her beauty, and complimented even by the Grand Monarque himself, in the keeping of a thoroughly worldly relative, who skilfully adapted her measures to the weaker points in the character of her niece, Anima was gradually alienated from the protestant faith of her childhood, and assumed all the outward symbols of popish worship. She was at length inveigled into a matrimonial alliance with the Marquis de

Pianezza, a young man of large possessions and great military renown, but of cold demeanour and stern address, little adapted to secure the love of such a heart as that of Anima. The marriage, as it was contracted without affection on her part, so it utterly failed to enhance the happiness of her life. She felt its bonds a restraint, and inwardly sighed for that freedom and purity of spirit which had marked her earlier days.

In the meantime, the steadfast soul of Marie Arnaud remained true to her early faith and love. No dangers could induce her lofty spirit to abandon the former, and no offers, however splendid, erased from her heart the deep traces of the latter. Walter Durand was reported to have been slain, but with the hopefulness of a woman's heart, she clung to the belief of his being amongst the prisoners at La Tour. By her earnest persuasions, and especially through her influence over the young Count de Grafenried, who felt deeply the force of her attractions, the councillors of Geneva resolved on sending a deputation to Turin to implore the mercy of Victor-Amadeus, in favour of his Alpine subjects. The deputation was accompanied by the Vaudois pastor and his heroic daughter, who became acquainted during her residence at Turin with the apostasy and marriage of her early and beloved friend. Anima was at the time in the city, but shrank from an interview with those whom she yet revered and loved, though she feared, in the consciousness of her guilt, to appear before them. Not so her aunt, Madame de Saony. Her curiosity was aroused by what she had heard of Arnaud and his daughter, and she contrived, with true woman's tact, to awaken a similar feeling on the part of the Duke. It was at length resolved that as foreigners of high rank they should seek an interview with the strangers. This was speedily obtained, and the happiest results followed:—

‘The visitors at length prepared to depart. On taking leave, Victor requested Marie's acceptance of a ring, not only to be valued in remembrance of that interview, but as a pledge, which in any hour of exigency might redeem the assistance of one, who, though unknown to her, was not uninfluential at the court of Savoy. Nor on such terms could she refuse the proffered gift, but gratefully receiving it, fastened it round her neck with a dear memorial she never laid aside—her mother's hair! The Duke was deeply affected. Unconscious whom she was addressing, Marie had fearlessly depicted his conduct in its true light, and unveiled its secret springs; and the remorse she had awakened was more poignantly felt as he dwelt on her perfections; she was so different to any of her sex that he had ever seen, so unconscious of her merit, so powerful and deep in her feeling, and yet so gentle and retiring, that her image dwelt on his mind; and when the beauties who thronged his court again met his eyes that evening, they seemed to have lost half of their charms, and ere he slept, a softer feeling of



kindness, a desire even to pardon her countrymen, stole over his stern and self-seeking heart.'—*Ib.*, pp. 269, 270.

In the depth of winter the Vaudois prisoners were restored to liberty, with orders, scarcely less cruel than their incarceration, to depart forthwith from the country. They hastened to comply, but, 'worn with disease and gaunt with hunger,' large numbers perished amidst the snows of the mountains. A small party, headed by Durand, reached Geneva in the spring of 1689, 'a famished and miserable crew, shadows of their former selves, whose appearance told a tale no words were needed to confirm.' It was scarcely possible that such a people should contentedly remain in a strange land, and their yearning after their native valleys was strengthened by the obvious desire of the Genevese to rid themselves of visitors whose presence was likely to draw on the republic the displeasure of the French king. It was therefore resolved to attempt a return, and the chief interest of these volumes is founded on the picture it furnishes of the perils encountered, and the more than human fortitude evinced, by the exiles in the accomplishment of their design. Their first attempt was defeated by the vigilance of the emissaries of Savoy and France, but at length, about two years after the arrival of the prisoners, they commenced their chivalrous journey, determined to re-possession themselves of the valleys of their fathers, or to perish in the effort. They stole away in silence, as their safety depended on their gaining an advance upon their enemies. The perils which surrounded them, and the spirit in which they were met, may be gathered from the following brief extract:—

'They had passed Maglan, the dark and perilous Col de Bonhomme was before them, they knew its steep ascent was fortified with intrenchments, and they feared that, apprised of their expected pass, troops already awaited them in the narrow passage, where bravery would be useless, and strength vain. But they prepared themselves by prayer, and with a high and holy courage, began to descend the mountains of St. Luce. It was night, the route was as if cut through the rock, steep as a ladder, while the dark ravines which lay beside it were hidden by a fog so dense, that sound, not sight, alone could guide them. Wet with drizzling rain, which added to the danger of the slippery road, the whole troop, in single file, wound silently along, sliding rather than stepping from rock to rock, and only preserved from falling over the precipice beneath by grasping the steep points of the rocks above them. The fog, which under any other circumstances would have been an insurmountable impediment, was providential for them, for though it added to the dangers of the route, it effectually concealed them from view, and they marched, protected divinely, through valleys, dark indeed as with the shadows of death.'—*Vol. ii.*, pp. 19, 20.

Other dangers soon present themselves, which to minds less resolved would have seemed fatal to the prosecution of their march. The troops of France surrounded them, and one moment's indecision would have sealed their fate. But the spirit of their aged pastor was equal to the crisis, and the bold energy of Durand overcame the disciplined soldiery of France.

'At such a moment, one wavering movement might lose for them whatever advantages previous exertion had achieved, and at once consign them to hopeless captivity or death, but a bold effort might redeem them from what they most dreaded; and now, when despair stood at hand, one brave heart, one cheering voice, roused them to a fresh and stronger impulse.

'On, Vaudois, on!' shouted Durand, 'the bridge once carried, the day is ours!' and rushing through the canopy of smoke, glowing with enthusiastic hope, the brave young leader dashed on in their front to the bridge.

'To Angrogna! to victory!' repeated the troop, and with the fury of a lioness in defence of her young, the Vaudois followed on the desperate attempt.

'The sudden impetuosity of the movement carried all before it. The French gave way before the unexpected charge, and sought safety in their intrenchments; but even here the little troop pursued them, and rushing up to the very muzzles of their guns, cut down the enemy before they could fire at them, shivering their muskets in pieces with thier short, broad sabres, and spreading confusion and death before them. Their eager grasp seized the flying foe, their fleet footsteps trod on their retreating track, and still the word 'Angrogna' rose triumphant to the skies; while, careless of honour and of all but safety, the French, with one dastard exclamation of '*Sauve qui peut*,' fled in disorder before a body of men not amounting to a third of their number.

The struggle lasted for two hours; and when the moon rose, every foe had departed, and the passage was free, but for the sad memorial left by the defeated, in numerous corpses of their companions, which strewed the plain, and tinged the river with a dark crimson tide.—*Ib.*, pp. 39—41.

A series of subsequent struggles terminated favourably for the Vaudois, until their name became the object of superstitious dread, and one of the ablest generals in the service of Savoy, with a large military force, was appointed to intercept their march, and prevent their further progress. This general was none other than the Marquis de Pianezza, the husband of Anima di Solara, who was compelled most reluctantly to repair to one of her lord's ancient castles in the immediate neighbourhood of the Vaudois territory. The bitterness of her sorrow at this time it is difficult to describe, but her husband was resolved

to separate her from the gaieties of the court, and therefore commanded her attendance on his march.

‘Although plunged in dissipation, and foremost in threading its glittering mazes, the judgment of the young Marchioness alone was misled; her heart remained uninjured, and perhaps preserved by the influence of early education; she had only yielded in outward show to the habits of levity which surrounded her, refraining from many an evil, which, though custom excused, her conscience reprobated. Scrupulously faithful to her marriage vows, she had never suffered the crowd of admirers who surrounded her to overstep the boundary she had assigned them; and if any strange observer, who marked her pre-occupied expression, might ascribe it to some unhallowed cause, he was mistaken. It was not that which made her eye so often downcast, her cheek so often pale. Her husband, indeed, suspected it, and unable to fix his suspicions of the cause on any inhabitant of Turin, would sometimes wander back into distant days, into whose history he had no right to pry; and to a certain degree he was right; it was the shadow of the past that flung its gloom over the present, but shadow-like, it passed away, and its influence, though solemn, was dim and uncertain.’  
—*Ib.*, pp. 62, 63.

Marie Arnaud had in the meantime ascertained that the bright visions and inspiring hopes of her youth were not to be realized. Durand had unwittingly laid bare his whole heart to her, and she saw that while he regarded her as a sister, he still dwelt on the memory of Anima with that peculiar tenderness which precluded the possibility of love to any other. It was a sad and fearful struggle which ensued in the bosom of the Vaudois maiden, and an air of deep melancholy sometimes settled on her. But Marie Arnaud was equal to the conflict, the better elements of her nature triumphed, she loved Durand, and also Anima, and resolved to live for their happiness in the only relation which Providence permitted her to sustain. In the self-sacrificing spirit which she cherished—and there is a true womanly cast about the whole of this portion of her conduct—she undertook a secret mission to the castle in which Anima resided, to warn her of the approach of the Vaudois, and to entreat her to consult her safety in flight. In the execution of this trust she was seized by the Marquis, who however, failed, through her self-possession and undaunted courage, to possess himself of a paper which she had undertaken to deliver to Anima, or to learn anything respecting the future movements of the exiles. Incensed at the firmness with which she refused to commit her friends, he sent her under a strong escort to Turin, where she was speedily arraigned before the council under a charge of high treason. The account of her examination is characteristic, and is given with considerable force. Having denied the truth of the



charges preferred against her, she appealed, with the beseeching earnestness of one who felt the loveliness of life, to the clemency and justice of her judges:—

‘But her audience were all unmoved, and the Cardinal of —, addressing her in a stern tone, exclaimed—

‘“Young woman, the tenour of your speech is alike seditious and evasive; and ere we grant the clemency you request, we must have a more satisfactory defence, and fuller disclosures. To pass over yet more important points, what was your object in visiting the castle of Del Tor? Can you plead aught in excuse for the act?”

‘“Simply, that it was with no criminal intention,” answered Marie, with the unhesitating accent of truth.

‘“That evasion is vain,” answered her interrogator. ‘No good purpose could have led you to secrete yourself in walls so inimical to your cause, and as you value your safety and your life, we exhort you to declare the truth.’

‘The colour rose to Marie’s cheek and brow, and the hesitation of deep thought made her pause ere she answered; but then her resolution was taken, and meekly, but decidedly, she said—

‘“My lords, I visited the castle of Del Tor for the purpose of renewing the friendship of early years with the Marchioness of Pianezza—of again beholding one who had shared my youth and my religion!” Her voice strengthened as she proceeded, for she felt she had not yet compromised the safety of those dearer than herself; but a sneer was on the countenance of her persecutor, who continued—

‘“That excuse is unavailing; you had a packet with you, the contents of which your fear of discovery alone proves to have been criminal. That paper was unluckily destroyed; but so long as life remains in you, its secret is preserved, and shall therefore be known. Again, we command you, without reservation, to declare to us its contents; and there are means—ay, and at hand—which can unlock the most private counsels of the heart, and drag to light the deepest mysteries. Be wise, therefore, nor force us to adopt an extremity, which it rests with yourself to avoid. Again we repeat our question. Weigh well your answer. What did that paper contain?”

‘There was a silence—an awful silence; but during that moment worlds of thought crowded on Marie’s brain. It was her sentence, she knew it, and believed it to be the sentence of death; for a more horrid alternative had not occurred to her. That, indeed, would sever her from all she loved on earth; but during that agonizing pause, she did not indicate a moment’s doubt on the course she should pursue; and, though conscious of the danger she incurred, she hastened to give her answer, ere the fast coming weakness of human nature should increase its difficulty.

‘“My lords, my judges, that paper contained the secret of another. I appeal to your own sense of honour, if the fear of personal risk can induce me to betray it. No,” she continued, with the bright fire of heroic determination flashing from her eye, and the expression of noble courage triumphing over each lesser sensation; ‘never shall it

be said that a Vaudois could betray her friend, to save her life!" In a milder tone, she added—"I can die; I *will* die, and prefer the alternative; but I will not divulge the secrets you command."

'Firm, resolute, but meek, she stood before them; but no sense of chivalrous sympathy beat responsive in the hearts of that assembly to her high principles of honour; and, unmoved, the prince resumed.'—*Ib.*, pp. 245—249.

Failing by gentler methods to extort her secret, the cardinal reminded her that the rack was at the command of her judges, and would certainly be employed if her evidence was not freely given. Five minutes were allowed for consideration, at the close of which, 'advancing one step nearer her judges, with unfaltering accents she said, 'My lords, I am ready! The rack—torture—what you will—but I shall not be deserted.' The officers of the Inquisition were speedily in attendance, and an hour's interval, obtained by the merciful interposition of one of the council, was employed by a priest in kindly efforts to induce her to save herself. At length, after inquiring whether she had not one to sue for her to the Duke, he turned to depart:

'A bell, whose sullen sound swung through the air with dread import, declared that the moment had indeed arrived! Marie threw herself yet once again, while she had the power, on her knees beside the rack; not to sue for mercy where none would be extended, but at the source whence it ever flows fresh and inexhaustible.

'Suddenly, something seemed to flash across her mind; a recollection, a thought, the words of that old priest had conjured up. Oh! was it providentially sent to save, to bless, in that dark hour when all earthly hope seemed to have vanished.

'The soldiers had drawn near, and commanding her to rise, had grasped her on either side to lift her on that bed of agony, when she sprung aside, and in a voice hoarse, and yet thrilling with emotion, exclaimed—

'Stop! oh, stop that old man! I *have* a friend yet, a friend at Victor's court, who will rescue me even now—look,' she added, clasping her hands in wild entreaty, 'look, as ye be men—as ye be human beings, look! He who owns this ring can save me in the darkest extremity—sure none can be darker than mine!'

'She held aloft the glittering signet which Victor himself had given her in a former hour, and which she had worn from the moment of her first visiting Turin, until now. She pressed nearer to her executioners, and gazed with that earnest supplication which will not be denied.

'Nevertheless, her impassioned appeal would have been lost on these obdurate hearts, but for the buzz of indignation which sounded through the hall; some even, overcome by curiosity, advanced closer to the inner circle, and braved the drawn swords of the soldiers, who now surrounded her, in their anxiety to behold the symbol which had

lent such sudden energy to the captive—such beaming hope to her expression.

‘ ‘The royal signet!’ at length exclaimed one who was acquainted with the device, and had obtained a nearer view. Then followed a general confusion and a stronger feeling in favour of the prisoner’s chance of escape. The officers of the Inquisition paused and doubted, gazed even with interest on the brilliant jewel Marie held aloft!

‘ ‘Recal the holy father—send for the Prince—save her!’ were the mingled cries of the multitude.

‘ Still they delayed, and still Marie stood with pale and quivering lips, signs of a hope hitherto unknown, and nature’s eagerness for the preservation of life; her uplifted hands imploring with an anxiety, beyond the aid of words, for pity.

‘ At length there seemed a change, and the inquisitorial officer raising his hand to enforce silence, demanded a messenger to recal the judges on business of weighty importance, and unwillingly as the concession had been granted, the spectators burst forth in the expression of irrepressible satisfaction. One of the attendant priests speedily undertook the mission, while Marie again threw herself on her knees, in fervent, if incoherent, prayer of gratitude and thanksgiving.

‘ The moment had arrived, the folding doors opened, and clad in their robes of office the council entered to hear the case again; but now the duke himself had declared he would be present, and see if mercy might with safety be extended.

‘ There was a flourish of bugles, a shout of acclamation from the crowd at this announcement, and an order for silence was with difficulty imposed, during the long period which elapsed ere his highness arrived.

‘ The excitement of suspense, the exhaustion of previous mental exertion, lent a feverish hue to Marie’s cheek, an unnatural brilliance to her eye, which added to the beauty of her countenance, restoring all of which hard care and heavy toil had robbed it since that remarkable interview in which Victor-Amadeus had entrusted to her the precious signet on which all her hopes now depended.

‘ Had she known, indeed, had she guessed that the duke himself had been the donor, stronger hopes would have risen in her breast, less trying to endure than the sickening suspense, the dreamy doubt which began to render her brain dizzy and confused; but this was concealed from her, and when, at length, the loud trampling of the princely procession, the martial sound of trumpets, and the acclamation of the cheering multitude, announced the arrival of the duke, there was more of fear than hope in Marie’s breast.’—*Ib.* pp. 261—267.

We need not say that Marie was pardoned, but a fresh danger awaited her in the warm and passionate interest she had awakened in her prince. The offer of a private marriage, though sanctioned by the reputed alliance of the French king with Madame de Maintenon, is out of keeping with the character of Victor-Amadeus, and impairs somewhat the historical consistency



of the narrative. This offer was respectfully but firmly declined, for Marie Durand was too faithful to her early, though hopeless, attachment, to be allured by the splendid offers of her royal suitor. While these events were passing at Turin, Durand was forcing his way at the head of his bold mountaineers, towards the valley of Angrogna. He was now opposed by the Marquis di Pianezza, the husband of Anima, whose death speedily followed from a wound received in the fierce struggle described in the following passage :—

‘ Having refreshed their strength by an abundant meal, and rested through the night, they advanced the next morning to Vachère, where their anticipations of danger seemed likely to be realized; for they could perceive from their exalted station the enemies’ encampment, and discover by their movements an evident intention of surrounding them. On this ascent they tarried, in the hope of being overtaken by the slower party from Bobi, but again reduced to extremity by the scantiness of their provisions, were obliged to send out foragers in quest of supplies; but, alas, it was in vain, and the detachment returned from Damian to relate the fruitlessness of their research, a disappointment in some measure counterbalanced by the arrival of two hundred of the expected party! Thus reinforced, they did not hesitate to descend upon the enemy, and seize the position to which they were rapidly ascending, evidently under the conduct of an able leader.

‘ That leader was the Marquis di Pianezza; that well-equipped troop the sanguine band who had sallied with him from Del Tor, certain of success, and eager to meet the foe. But the Vaudois were fortunate in first reaching the post they had fixed upon, and their fire told with deadly precision on the advanced guard. Still, brave and hardened to danger, the main body coolly broke into open order to take up a skirmishing position, and for nearly an hour the struggle seemed equal. Every crag and every stunted tree became a post attacked and defended with equal skill and obstinacy: but the superior coolness and activity of the Vaudois, whose observation had been sharpened by similar dangers, and whose practised aim rarely missed, gave them an advantage which told in detail, and before which, the most daring of their assailants had fallen without gaining a foot of ground. With glowing eye and brandished sword, the Marquis galloped from spot to spot, his presence seeming to multiply with the increasing heat of the action. ‘Down with the heretics! Death to the Barbets! Santa Maria and Savoy!’ he shouted, and inspired his troops with fresh courage by his example. But short was his career—vain the boast of victory which burst from his lips; the unerring eye of an old chamois-hunter had already marked him. One report—one shot rang through the air; and in that instant a ball had pierced the gallant Pianezza in the throat. For a moment he sat motionless in his saddle, then dropped, and the terrified steed dragged him still breathing o’er the plain. To fly to his aid, and raise him in their arms, stunned and shattered, was the last act of his followers on that

bloody spot, ere they fled for refuge among the rocks, leaving the Vaudois masters of a field strewn with a hundred corpses of their foes.

‘Flushed with victory, Durand once more mustered the troop, and crying, ‘On to Angrogna—on while Heaven favours us!’ pressed forwards to Mont Servin, where another detachment awaited them: and there, during seven hours of hard exertion, maintained the conflict. Supported by their zeal, they were mindless of hunger or fatigue, and again repulsed the enemy with considerable loss, while on their own side but four remained to show that there they had conquered and died! Perhaps yet longer, that bloody struggle had continued, but, as if sent in mercy, a thick fog wrapped both the aggressors and the oppressed in a veil of darkness, and they were obliged to desist. This was fortunate for the Vaudois, whose scarcity of ammunition forbade their firing a single shot without certainty of success, and whose want of provision was such, that even bread and water were a luxury.’—Vol. iii. pp. 43—46.

The subsequent events of the narrative follow each other in rapid succession. Anima and Marie met after a separation of years: the interview had been anticipated for some time, and awoke in the hearts of both a strange conflict.

‘The moment came: she heard a step on the stairs, and an instant only elapsed before the two friends were once more clasped in each other’s arms, and Marie started when Anima asked—‘Hast thou—canst thou have forgiven me?’ for conscience whispered that the question might have been hers; and the whole current of emotion turning at the thought, a full flood of tender affection rushed into her heart, and with a fervent sincerity words could not have illustrated, she once more strained her to her heart, with a sister’s fond embrace.

‘‘Marie,’ faltered Anima, ‘I have sinned, and I have wandered from the right path! But—I return, to leave it no more. Again a Vaudois in heart and name, receive me! Let me share your existence—the past all forgotten. I have nothing now to keep me from my original destination, and Providence, in severing me from other ties, has re-united the links which circumstances had broken. A widow, with none to depend on my care, or sweeten my existence, receive me, a lone wanderer, into the fold I have strayed from, to share in whatever fate may befall it. Be it peril or captivity, still let me prove that I feel the severest trials would be but a meet and welcome penalty for the apostasy I can never cease to deplore!’

‘Like a lightning’s flash, a truth broke on Marie’s mind at these words, and the colour fled from her face; this, then, was the crisis of her fate, and her mind at once presaged a future which had appeared impossible. But she was silent, and only pressed Anima’s hand with a kindness, the self-denial of which none but herself knew.’—Ib. pp. 84, 85.

They returned together to the home of their fathers, where ultimately—for the pastor was now dead—the fortunes of Anima

and Durand were united, and Marie, as a beloved sister, who had chastened and subdued her earlier feelings, dwelt with them, a ministering angel, partaking of the tenderness of earth and the purity of heaven.

In closing our notice of these volumes we must do justice to the historical fidelity of the author, in the sketch afforded of the character of the Vaudois. He has not painted them as free from human faults, and has at the same time refrained from those coarse and indiscriminating sketches of their Catholic opponents, with which the English press has been so disgracefully prolific. It would be well if grave disputants in the protestant controversy imitated the example thus honourably set them.

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Art. VII. *The Life of William Bedell, D.D., Lord Bishop of Kilmore.* By H. J. MONCK MASON, LL.D., M.R.S.A., Librarian of the King's Inns, Dublin. London: Seeley and Burnside. 1843.

IN their treatment of the inhabitants of Ireland, the English have long imitated the conduct and temper of the ancient Jews towards their Samaritan neighbours. Almost ever since the two countries became connected, it may be said that there has subsisted between them no friendly or charitable intercourse. In the history of nations, as in the lives of individuals, justice and honesty, to say nothing of benevolence, will be found eventually the best policy; and in the present difficulties and dangers which attach themselves to the condition of the sister island, may be seen the natural consequences of the oppression and misrule of past years. If we are justified in supposing that to be a successful and prosperous government which furnishes the best security for the lives and property of its subjects, with the least possible infringement of their personal liberties, our civil policy towards Ireland has remarkably failed. After some years of trial, we are not in a condition to lay aside, but are rather called upon to resume, those vulgar instruments of authority which can only be appropriate in the incipient stages of human society, for the compulsion of the savage, or the taming of the brute. The Irish cannot, it seems, yet be treated like men, but must be retained in obedience to the civil power by multiplied garrisons, soldiery, and cannon. We mean not to pursue the question as to whether the real condition of the inhabitants of Ireland, at the present time, be such as to require the employment of these extreme measures; the very fact that a reply to this question may, at least with some minds, be considered doubtful, seems to us a sufficient proof of the



negligence or incapacity of those to whom the civil administration of this unfortunate country has been committed. Setting aside all party differences, and without fixing on any particular delinquents, it is not misrepresentation or exaggeration to declare that the history of the English government towards Ireland, from its commencement almost to the present time, is one of shameful injustice, venality, and oppression, and one, therefore, of difficulty, failure, and tumult. In accordance with the rapacious desires of Henry II., Pope Adrian IV. impiously granted to the English king a title to take possession of Ireland, a country then entirely independent, and not engaged in hostilities with England—albeit, not perhaps esteemed sufficiently subservient to the will of the Roman pontiff. Since that act of tyranny, committed under the professed sanction of religion, Ireland has been more or less the victim of English oppression—not unfrequently, as in the first instance, under the pretext of pious zeal. It has gradually become in form identified with the British empire. The religious and civil histories of this country, throughout the period of its subjection to British influence, have been closely allied, nor does the former present an aspect more satisfactory and pleasing than that of the latter. Protestantism, so far as it consists in a costly establishment and a numerous hierarchy, has been for many years either the privilege or bane of Ireland, and if they are to be considered partakers of a religion who contribute to its support, the Irish have a very just claim to be regarded as a protestant nation. Whilst, however, so far compelled in practice to be protestants, they have long been Roman catholics in heart, and, as might have been expected, the love of the people for the principles of the Reformation has not been increased with the pecuniary amount which the ascendancy of these principles has by compulsion wrung from them. The money they have been obliged to pay towards the maintenance of protestant forms, has been far from hastening the period of their becoming truly protestant. In this, and in other matters, their religious prejudices have combined with a sense of their oppression, and the conquered retaining, with fierce determination, the impregnable freedom of the human spirit, have refused to love or accept the religious principles of their conquerors. ‘Religious systems,’ remarks M. Guizot, ‘have forgotten the nature of the power to which they apply, and have acted towards the human spirit as if of material force. Hence it has often happened, that they have taken part with absolute power against human liberty, considering it as an enemy, and troubling themselves rather to effect its overthrow than its security. If these religious systems had properly considered their methods of action—if they had not allowed themselves to be drawn aside by

a natural but deceptive inclination, they would have perceived that liberty must be preserved in order to be morally controlled, and that religion can only act by moral means. They would have respected the free will of man in attempting to control it. They have too much overlooked it, and the influence of religion itself has diminished with the decline of freedom.\* These just observations have been painfully realized in the ecclesiastical and civil history of Ireland. Protestantism has been associated with an oppressive government, and has had to convert men unaccustomed to civil or spiritual freedom.

To those who are desirous of forming a correct estimate of the present state of Ireland, from a knowledge of its civil and religious condition in past years, we commend the work the title of which appears at the commencement of this article. It is prepared with care, learning, and impartiality; and under the form of biography, presents many important facts and useful reflections in regard to the history of Ireland. Before alluding more particularly to some of these, we venture to place before our readers a brief account of the subject of this memoir.

William Bedell, born in the year 1570, in the county of Essex, was educated in Cambridge, and became a fellow of Emmanuel College. On entering upon public life, the State of Venice, while seeking to restrain the extravagant donations made to the clergy, had created a misunderstanding between themselves and the pope, against whose encroachments, under the direction of Father Paul Sarpi, the celebrated author of the History of the Council of Trent, they contended with earnestness and vigour. James I., at this crisis, thought it desirable to send Sir H. Wotton, as English ambassador to the State of Venice, and Mr. Bedell was selected to accompany him as his chaplain. During his stay in that republic, he became exceedingly intimate with Father Paul, who professed, in the words of Sir H. Wotton, 'to have received from him more knowledge in all divinity, both scholastical and positive, than from any that he had preached in his days.' Mr. Bedell formed also the acquaintance of other learned men, amongst whom he was highly esteemed, especially by Diodati, the translator of the Bible into the Italian language. After a residence of eight years in Venice, during which he appears privately to have taken part in the ecclesiastical strifes of the age, he returned to England, and continued to reside in humble retirement for some time at St. Edmond's Bury, at which place he had been a successful minister of the gospel previously to his travels abroad. In his privacy he employed himself in translating into Latin several of the works of his friend, Father Paul. Some time afterwards he was

\* History of Civilization. Lect. 6th.

presented to the living of Horningshearth, in Suffolk; and on this occasion afforded an example of that honourable demeanour and strict conscientiousness by which his conduct through life was generally distinguished. We extract an account of the circumstance from the pages of our author:—

‘On his taking out his title to the living, the Bishop of Norwich demanded large fees for his institution and induction; but Mr. Bedell refused to pay more than was sufficient to cover the expenses of writing, wax, and parchment. The bishop asked why he did refuse to pay what was demanded, which others did pay? He said it was simony, and contrary to Christ’s and the apostle’s rule, ‘freely ye have received, freely give.’ And being asked what was simony? he answered, *vendere spiritualia spiritualibus*—to sell spiritual things to spiritual persons; a sin both in the giver and the taker. The practice was, he said, against the primitive rules. Mr. Bedell, therefore, rather than participate in what he considered to be simony, refused the payment of the fees demanded, and returned to his home. The bishop, however, after a few days, sent for him, and gave him his title without requiring the fees. He was consequently inducted.’

At Horningshearth, Mr. Bedell remained twelve years, when, at the desire of Archbishop Usher, by the request of the fellows, and at the command of the king, he was summoned to become the head of Trinity College, Dublin. It was in the year 1591, by letters-patent of the Queen Elizabeth, that the Dublin University was founded, and in the year 1626, Mr. Bedell was chosen lord provost. At the time of his entering on this office, the university had fallen into a state of irregularity and disorder, and needed considerable internal reform. This with great difficulty, and amidst much opposition from various quarters, the new lord provost effected; amending and increasing the statutes, and collecting them into a complete code, which, in substance, now regulates the university. The primary object of Elizabeth, in the establishment of the university, was the propagation of the protestant faith by means of the education of the Irish, and the study of the Irish tongue. To this object, Mr. Bedell successfully devoted his energy and skill. In the fifty-ninth year of his age, having continued provost about two years, he was appointed bishop of the united sees of Kilmore and Ardagh, and entered upon his arduous and responsible duties in the exercise of the same humility, energy, and honesty of character, by which he had been hitherto distinguished. In the words of Bishop Burnet, whose valuable memoir of Bedell deserves the perusal of all men entering the ministry of Christ, and especially of those in connexion with that church of which he was a conscientious upholder and distinguished ornament; ‘he considered the bishop’s office made him the shepherd of the



inferior shepherds, if not of the whole diocese, and therefore he resolved to spare himself in nothing by which he might advance the interest of religion among them, and he thought it a disingenuous thing to vouch antiquity for the authority and dignity of that function, and not at the same time to express those virtues and practices that made it so venerable among them.'

The state of the established church in Ireland at this period was pitiable in the extreme. Its revenues were exhausted or pillaged; its churches and the houses of the ministers greatly dilapidated; and the clergy themselves were ignorant, negligent of the duties of their office, and often irreligious in their conduct. However firmly we may entertain the opinion that corruption will naturally follow the unholy alliance of Christianity with the civil power, yet we cannot do otherwise than rejoice when the measure of this corruption is diminished, and its progress for a season arrested by the presence and efforts of men so truthful and upright as Bishop Bedell. 'His predecessor, Bishop Moigne, had leased out all the episcopal lands for as long as he possibly could, had taken very great fines, and reserved but inconsiderable rents. He had sold some perpetual advowsons, which ought not to be done, and upon the ruins of these two stripped bishoprics, had founded his family, and purchased a seignory for his son.' These revenues Bishop Bedell in part recovered. Anxious to remove the custom of ecclesiastical pluralities, a great evil in the Irish church, and one which seems naturally to associate itself with a society in which the care of souls is a marketable commodity to be sold to the highest bidder, Bishop Bedell commenced by resigning the see of Ardagh. For some time these two sees continued distinct, but they have since been again united. With one exception, all the clergy of the diocese followed the praiseworthy example of their bishop, and relinquished their pluralities. The bishop proceeded in the discharge of the abundant labours of his office with Christian earnestness and zeal, correcting with fidelity such abuses as were within his reach, encouraging the knowledge of the word of God, and faithfully labouring for the benefit of the souls committed to his peculiar care. Discovering the abuses and venality that existed in the bishop's court of his diocese, he set himself with great boldness to the work of reformation, removed his lay chancellor, and took upon himself to sit as judge. For this extraordinary proceeding, the party who had been suspended instituted a suit against him in the court of chancery, and obtained a decree against the bishop; but ultimately, by another process, Mr. Bedell succeeded in accomplishing his object. In the autumn of 1638, he held a synod of the clergy of his diocese, and passed several canons for the maintenance of discipline and

ecclesiastical government. This proceeding was disapproved, and greatly questioned by parties in power, but the explanation of those who understood the bishop's conduct, together with the advice of Archbishop Usher, availed to prevent any interruption.

The principal work which, during his old age, he undertook, was that of preparing an Irish translation of the Old Testament, the New Testament having been previously published in Irish. He committed the task to two of his converts from the Roman-catholic religion, and it was in a few years completed. He had resolved to publish it immediately in his own house, and at his own cost, when the work was delayed by the captious and evil objections of his enemies, and rendered subsequently impossible by the breaking out of the great rebellion in the year 1641. It was not, however, destined to perish. Some years afterwards, the manuscript, which had been fortunately preserved amidst the violence and tumult of the age, came into the hands of the celebrated Robert Boyle, by whom it was printed in 1685. The storm which now burst forth over Ireland, and which continued for so long and disastrous a period, at first entirely spared the home of a prelate who had faithfully adhered to the inspired precept to overcome evil with good. The presence of many such men might have saved Ireland the guilt and misery of those years, and perhaps even now, many such men might avail to rescue her from impending calamity and sorrow. 'There seemed,' says Bishop Burnet, 'to be a secret guard set about his house, for though there was nothing but fire, bloodshed, and desolation round about him, yet the Irish were so restrained, as by some hidden power, that they did him no harm for many weeks. They seemed to be overcome with his exemplary conversation among them, and with the tenderness and charity that he had on all occasions expressed for them, and they often said 'that he should be the last Englishman that should be put out of Ireland.' In such treatment we have a remarkable example of the safety, celebrated by the Roman poet, of the man who is 'just and firm in his holy resolution,' and a still more interesting illustration of truth contained in a diviner ode—

'He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust;

His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,

Nor for the arrow that flieth by day,

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness,

Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand,  
But it shall not come nigh thee.'

Being the only Englishman in the county of Cavan allowed

to remain under his own roof, the house of the bishop speedily became a shelter for many English refugees. In the midst of the trial and danger by which he was surrounded, the pious man retained his Christian confidence, and employed himself in relieving the wants, and encouraging, by divine consolations, the hearts, of those trembling sufferers who were around him. At length, however, he was desired to dismiss his company. On refusing so to do, and stating his resolution to continue with them, even to death, the rebels sent him word, 'that though they loved and honoured him beyond all the English that ever came into Ireland, because he had never done wrong to any, but good to many, yet they had received order from the council of state at Kilkenny that had assumed their government, that if he would not put away the people that had gathered about him, they should take them from him.' To this he said no more than, in the words of David and St. Paul, 'Here am I; the Lord do unto me as seems good to him: the will of the Lord be done.' 'So, on the 18th of December, they came and seized on him, and all that belonged to him, and carried him on horseback, and his two sons, and Mr. Clogy, who had married his daughter, on foot, as prisoners to the castle of Lock-oughter.' In this place of confinement, which appears to have been ill protected against the weather, he remained some time, until by an exchange of prisoners he recovered his liberty. The remainder of his life was passed in the house of the Rev. Dennis Sheridan, a convert from popery, who had assisted the bishop in the preparation of his translation of the Bible, and by whom it was preserved. Here, after a short time, he died, his death being occasioned by an ague contracted by the damp and cold of the prison which he had so recently left. On his death-bed, he summoned around him his nearest relatives, to whom in appropriate and scriptural language he bore testimony to the excellency of the faith which he professed, and to the joyful hope which he calmly entertained. By the permission of the popish priest, granted after some hesitation, and while he was in a state of intoxication, the body was interred in the churchyard of the cathedral, and over the grave was placed, as ordered by himself, the simple epitaph, '*Depositum Gulielmi quondam episcopi Kilmorensis.*' At the time of his burial, the Irish discharged a volley of shot, exclaiming, '*Requiescat in pace ultimus Anglorum;*' 'for,' says Burnet, 'they had often said, that as they esteemed him the best of English bishops, so he should be the last.' They have had other English bishops since, none perhaps in sincerity, christian love, and zeal, superior to the excellent William Bedell.

It remains for us to call the attention of our readers to some



of those important facts and reflections in regard to Irish character and history, which are combined with this biography. After a few prefatory observations, the author presents his readers with a compendious and interesting dissertation on the state of religion in Ireland previously to Bedell's arrival in the country. He bears testimony to the important fact, that antipathy on the part of the Irish people to the English name did not originate in religious differences, but in the civil treatment which the conquered received from the conqueror prior to the time of the Reformation. Agitators in those early days might reasonably have raised the cry of 'Justice and equality for Ireland.' The English government cherished an unwillingness to grant, and the Irish ecclesiastics an equal indisposition to receive, from English hands, and in English forms, the blessing of equal laws and civil freedom, even according to the scanty measure in which they were administered in that age.

'Such was the state of national feeling in Ireland, when an attempt was made in the sixteenth century to introduce the reformed religion into that country. There is no reason to suppose that a change might not have been effected in the creed of the native inhabitants, notwithstanding the existing prejudices in favour of the Roman-catholic faith, had nothing but these prejudices stood in the way; and had the method of accomplishing it been according to the plan laid down by God himself, for the spreading of the Divine religion of his Son. It is rather probable that the preaching and reading of the gospel would have succeeded, as it did in England, from this fact, which is nowhere denied, that even without it, during a portion of Elizabeth's reign, the Roman-catholic bishops, priests, and people of Ireland, very generally complied with the enacted Reformation. \* \* \* The movement, had it been assisted with the proper impulse, might have possibly gained ground, and thus have become general as well as constant; but failing of that in its origin and progress, the people quickly responded to the call of their usual agitators. Swarms of Jesuits and priests, educated in the seminaries founded by King Philip II. in Spain and the Netherlands, and by the Cardinal of Lorraine in Champagne, coming over, soon prevailed with an ignorant and credulous people to withdraw from the service of the church. \* \* \* It is useless now to conjecture what might have been the result of the preaching of the gospel, by the peaceful ministers of its Author, had it been sufficiently resorted to; for the experiment was scarcely attempted, and the efforts to inculcate protestantism in Ireland may be asserted to have been associated, from the very commencement, and even most unfortunately blended, with all the circumstances of national jealousy above mentioned. It originated in England, was imported by its government, and was attempted to be forced upon the people by the parliament and by the state, in the usual manner of proud contempt, and without any mediation whatever to reconcile it to their prejudices or to their understandings; and therefore it was that protestantism received, at

its very birth, the mark of Cain upon its forehead, and was avoided with suspicion and with odium.'

Our author then traces, from the earliest and pagan times, that religious veneration which distinguishes the Irish character, and occasioned Ireland, even in idolatrous ages, to be denominated 'the sacred isle.' Receiving with readiness the doctrine of the Christian faith, Ireland afterwards became the centre of true religion, whence her beams were shed forth to distant lands. This was the brightest era in the annals of the unfortunate country. Protected by their distance, and insular position, the Irish and ancient Britons long resisted the innovations and tyranny of the papal see; and it was only on the destruction of its national freedom, that popery gained an ascendancy over the minds of its inhabitants. It deserves to be especially remembered that the doctrines of the Roman-catholic church, as defined by the council of Trent, are not the doctrines of the most remote antiquity, and in regard to Ireland there is peculiar testimony, notwithstanding her present subjection to the papal power, that she once professed a purer and more scriptural faith. Before the time of St. Patrick, and the coming of emissaries from Rome, Tertullian and Chrysostom testify to the fact, that places in the British isles, unapproached by the Romans, were subjected to Christ; and in these places churches were founded, altars erected, and the Scriptures circulated and read. The connexion between the Irish church and the first preachers of the gospel took place, as many curious coincidences declare, on the side of the eastern rather than the western branch. Our author ably traces that connexion, and demonstrates the difference between the early tenets of the Irish church, and the doctrines of the Roman-catholic priesthood. The following are some of his observations on this subject:—

'The introduction of popery into Ireland was altogether gradual, and by almost imperceptible degrees; but certainly in the seventh century it possessed much influence in the island. It then accomplished its first victory in the contest respecting Easter; an unfortunate occasion, for as the Romanists were right upon the particular question, it gave them a great vantage ground in the discussion of others more important, and in which they were in error. Their progress was rapid and substantial; but yet we can observe scintillations issuing from the dying embers of the ancient and purer fire, even in the obscurity of the tenth century; and it was not until the pope and Henry II. combined together to destroy the temporal and spiritual independence of the island, that we can pronounce it exclusively Roman catholic.'

Chap. II. is occupied with the biography, but Chap. III. commences with a sketch of the history of education in Ireland,

in which we have brought under our notice the ancient character of the country as a seminary for the Christian church. Its proficiency in learning is accounted for, by the convenience of its locality, as a seclusion and refuge from persecution; by the devotion of their monastic orders to the work of instruction; and the general discountenancing of learning on the part of the Roman pontiffs. This honourable pre-eminence was destroyed by the Danish inroads of the ninth century, and the later oppressions of the Anglo-Norman barons. Then follows the beginning of a wiser policy, in the efforts of Elizabeth and Edward VI. to promote education in Ireland in connexion with the protestant faith, and by the study of the Irish language. This, as well as everything that was Irish, had hitherto shared the contempt of the proud Englishmen, and whilst they professed their anxiety to make the vanquished receive the religion as well as the laws of their conquerors, even the cost of such instruction was to be paid by the dependent country in the extirpation of its native tongue. A rare instance of the combined folly and tyranny of these times is thus related by our author, on which he eloquently comments:—

‘In the act of uniformity, the stat. 2 Eliz., c. 13, by which the use of the English liturgy and a strict conformity to it are enjoined, a clause is introduced reciting that English ministers are not to be found in Irish churches, that the Irish people did not understand the English tongue, and that the church service cannot be celebrated in Irish, as well for the difficulty of getting it printed, as that few in the whole realm can read it. The wise remedy proposed is, that if the minister of the gospel cannot speak English, he may celebrate the service in the Latin tongue!! and this provision, absurd as it may appear, was passed in a wiser spirit of conciliation, and was even more rational in itself than those of the act of 28 Henry VIII., and of other statutes, which proscribed the use of the Irish language altogether. Augustus, in the plenitude of his power, declared that he could not invent and introduce a new word into general use in his empire, and it would appear that he who confounded Babel, and overruled the evils that might have followed from that miracle, by a second miraculous interference on the day of Pentecost, has not delegated to princes any of his dominion over language. With respect to the weak attempt to extirpate that of the Irish by legislation, a little reflection might have suggested, what a slight degree of experience has proved, that such violence could only serve to endear the proscribed language to the people, and have caused it to twine its tendrils around their hearts;—that such pressure would only serve to strengthen this cement of union among those who cherished it as all that was left to them of their ancient inheritance.’

Dr. Mason, in various parts of his book, dwells largely on the advantages of employing the Irish language as the means of im-



parting religious knowledge to the people generally; a plan which, although commending itself to every impartial judgment, sanctioned by the avowed opinion of the most learned men, adopted by the Roman-catholic priesthood, generally wise in their generation, and found in many cases to be successful for the most important purposes, has been too long neglected, is still looked upon with a degree of suspicion, and is by no means sufficiently practised. From the interesting narrative and opinions of our author, we could wish to make even more numerous selections than those which are already before the reader, but space will not allow us. We cannot forbear, however, adding as the last extract, the following testimony of one who may be considered an impartial and competent observer, respecting the character of the Irish people. It may perhaps serve, in some measure, to allay the fear of those who, from the present distracted state of the country, apprehend rebellion, anarchy, and bloodshed.

‘It is remarkable that the natives of the country, although they are so very easily excited to turbulence, are not in the least degree influenced to it by a democratic and disloyal spirit; they have never exhibited the slightest tendency to it in any part of their history, but quite the reverse: all their impulses are of an aristocratic nature; veneration for religion, reverence for antiquity and establishment; respect for family, rank, station; they have no regard for upstarts, and readily condescend to the ‘old sort,’ as they call them. The insurrection of 1641, black and bloody as it was, gave occasion to the native Irish to exhibit, in the case of Bishop Bedell, those sentiments of veneration and of gratitude to which they are constitutionally inclined, and which greatly contrasted with the atrocities that marked their general conduct. To do justice to the Irish people, and in answer to those who deny them these qualities, it must be remembered that they are reciprocal; and that we might as reasonably expect the reflection of a mirror, without an original object to produce it, as gratitude and veneration to discover themselves in the hearts of those who have never been treated with benevolence and condescending sympathy.’

While we refuse entirely our assent in regard to ecclesiastical or civil government, to the sentiment of Pope, ‘that which is best administered is best,’ we discover in Bishop Bedell an instance of the good that may be effected by an honest, benevolent, and laborious Christian minister, notwithstanding the difficulties by which he is surrounded. His successful accomplishment of great purposes cannot, however, be pleaded in favour of the ecclesiastical system in Ireland to which he belonged. His character was, and has remained, the exception rather than the rule; and, notwithstanding the presence of an established church, and the political ascendancy of protestantism, the unequal proportion

between papists and protestants in Ireland has more than doubled since the age in which he lived. It seems to us that the greater portion of the difficulties with which in the discharge of his episcopal duties he had to contend, arose out of the unnatural system to which he was allied. His efforts for the reform of abuses, and the conversion of the Roman catholics around him, were those of a strong man labouring in chains. If he lived now, we think he would find those chains pressing still more heavily, and still more effectually impeding his progress. In the elements of matter around us it is a merciful law of a benevolent Creator, that when corruption reaches a certain limit, there at once commences a fermenting and purifying process. We have equal reason, in some measure, to be thankful that that which is evil contains within it a principle of progress, does not stagnate on the surface of society, but by waxing worse and worse prepares for its own removal, and the preservation of the general health.

To such a crisis we conceive the abuses of Ireland have well nigh attained. We cherish, not unattended with fervent solicitude, the hope that in calm and firm subordination to the divine precepts of righteousness and love, her people may manfully and peacefully realize ere long the blessing of freedom. It is not for us, for we have neither the ability nor the right to sit in judgment on the motives or principles of human action, but eagerly do we desire that all true protestants, in the fear of God and the love of man, girding on the divine armour, and the 'weapons which are not carnal but spiritual, mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds,' would advance to the rescue of Ireland, as well from the hand of its civil as its priestly oppressor. We do not point out to the friends of civil and spiritual freedom the propriety of alliance with any existing party, whether in Ireland or elsewhere, but would place vividly before the eyes of every intelligent Christian in England, the portentous fact that there is danger because there has been guilt. It is a law, the truth of which we tremblingly entertain at this moment, of which history, ancient and modern, furnishes solemn illustration, that popular commotion naturally follows popular injustice. An oppressed people, however long they may slumber, will one day wake to a sense of their wrongs, feel the goad that pierces them, and savage as a beast roused from his lair, may rush forth to take dreadful and indiscriminate vengeance. In such fearful outbreaks, alas, it is more frequently the innocent that suffers than the guilty! It is written oftentimes, in characters of blood, on the pages of history, that the best guarantee for national peace and prosperity, the most effectual remedy for national discontent or disturbance, is, on the part of the rulers of every land, 'to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God.'

## Brief Notices.

*Scriptural Communion with God; or, the Holy Bible, arranged in Historical and Chronological order, in such manner that the Books, Chapters, Psalms, Prophecies, &c. &c., may be read as one connected history, in the words of the authorized translation: newly divided into sections, for families and individuals, with Introductions and Prayers, and Notes for the Student and the Inquirer.* By the Rev. George Townsend, M.A., Canon of Durham, &c. Part I., containing the sections for the mornings of one month. Rivingtons. 1843. pp. 234.

THIS book is much like an old acquaintance introduced to us with a fresh name, with a long list of titles, and with new and additional habiliments. The book is, in fact, a new edition of the work, by which the author is advantageously known to all Biblical readers, under the name of 'The Historical and Chronological Arrangement of the Holy Bible;' but with this difference, that it is now accompanied with a Commentary. 'The present Commentary,' says the author, is formed on a new plan. The devotional, historical, and critical portions are separated from each other.' Each section consists of five Parts:—1. A Title, informing the reader of the general contents of the section. 2. An Introduction, which comprises the historical and expository matter given in the chief commentaries. 3. The portion of Scripture selected for the section. 4. A Prayer, founded upon the Introduction and the selected portion of Scripture, embodying the devotional reflections of the reader. 5. Notes original and critical, addressed to the student and inquirer.

Of the divisions, contents, and character of these sections, we will give our readers a specimen.

'Section 9, p. 94.

'1. TITLE. The covenant with Adam is renewed to Noah. Noah prepares the ark. The preservation of the animals. Of Noah and his family.

'2. INTRODUCTION.

'3. PORTION OF SCRIPTURE. Genesis vi. 18, to the end, and vii. 1—16.

'4. PRAYER. That as we are now partakers of the covenant of God, and are members of his visible church, we may 'so pass through the waves of this troublesome world, that we finally come to the land of everlasting life.'

'5. NOTES. On Baptism and Baptismal Regeneration. On the appearance of the glory of God at the door of the ark. Confirmation of the truth of the deluge from Egyptian tradition.'

Where the notes are critical or historical, they are generally sound and good; but where they are doctrinal, they are uniformly Puseyitish. Indeed, the entire complexion of the work is Puseyite. The character of the prayer accompanying each section may be learnt from one note



of the author. To a solemn prayer for the blessing of the most High to rest upon the work, he has had the strange taste to attach this note:—

‘I dare not attempt to compile these prayers without keeping constantly in view, not the Scriptures only, but the guiding and teaching of that portion of Christ’s holy catholic church, in which I am an humble and unworthy successor of his apostles and their followers. I adopt, therefore, in every instance when it can be done, the expressions which I find in the prayers of the church. This expression [the one adopted in the prayer] is taken from the baptismal service.’

We think ‘the force of Puseyism could no farther go.’ Here is a divine, a successor of the apostles, sending a prayer to Heaven with this proviso, that he would not send a petition even there, nor wish a prayer of his to be accepted there, but which was in ‘the expressions,’ not of the church of Christ, but of ‘that portion’ of the church which parliament has established, not in Britain, but in England and Ireland. A successor of the apostles saying before God that he ‘DARE NOT’ pray in any other way. Is this apostolical? Would Paul or Peter have used such language about their prayer?

We are really grieved at heart to find a man of Mr. Townsend’s piety, learning, and reputation, holding such guilty dalliance with the witchcraft of Puseyism. It would be instructive, and, if it were not so serious an affair, it would be amusing to know how Mr. Townsend came within the enchanted ring of the apostolic succession. He is the son of an eminent and useful congregational pastor. He received his first theological training in the dissenting college at Wymondley, now Coward College, London. We should like to know whether he was baptized by a priest ‘duly authorized,’ or if not, whether the imposition of episcopal hands had the power to charm him into the hallowed inclosure of the succession in spite of a dissenting baptism; or, indeed, whether a process of anabaptism was passed upon him?

He closes the dedication by using one of the prayers of the Jesuit Alvarez, whom Mr. Townsend mentions as an author ‘*of another communion.*’ Shades of Cranmer and Ridley, would ye have described papists thus? ‘The mother of harlots,’ who has covered and cursed the earth with her abominations, ‘another communion!’ Then, so be it. The church of England is one communion, and the church of Rome ‘another communion.’ But, how came the apostolic succession, and the efficacy of the sacraments to be transferred to one communion from ‘another.’ After all, then, the communion is not *one*: there has been, and there is, a schism, and *who* are the schismatics, we must leave the Pope and Dr. Pusey to settle.

We think that the title, ‘The Holy Bible, with Notes and Prayers,’ would have been more appropriate than the one adopted. We have before us only ‘The First Part,’ and have seen no intimation of the probable number to which these parts will extend. This first part contains selections from Genesis and Job, the book of Job being introduced where, according to the opinions of the author, it ought chronologically to be.

*A Record of the Pyramids.* A Drama, in ten Scenes. By John Edmund Reade. Saunders and Otley.

*Sacred Poems from subjects in the Old Testament.* By the same. Saunders and Otley.

The prolific author of these publications has already given to the world 'Cain, the Wanderer,' 'Italy,' in six cantos, 'the Deluge,' 'Cataline,' and 'the Drama of a Life.' Another work, too, is on the slips, to be launched in about a twelvemonth or more, entitled, 'The Confessions of a Pastor,' which Mr. Reade designs as the winding up of his poetical writings! We are no admirers of the dedications to Sir Robert Peel and Sir Robert Inglis; nor of the tone of egotism and dogmatism, and we may also add of mysticism, which pervades too many of this gentleman's pieces. Modesty, calmness, and an avoidance of what we should term *individualism* (for want of a better word) appear to us as the never-failing attendants upon first-rate genius. But that the 'Record of the Pyramids' is a poem of very great merit and power, we must candidly admit. We have perused it with deep and cordial pleasure, and warmly recommend it to our readers as a monument of dramatic genius. We should indeed have much liked to review it at length, which our limits in these brief notices must of course render out of the question. Really Mr. Reade is too good a poet to revive such absurd practices, as those he has fallen into in addressing his chosen patrons. The two Conservative baronets have enough to do without listening to any rapturous aspirations 'to identify our state institutions with the doctrines and discipline of the church of England,' or, in fact, of any other church whatsoever. The Premier will be anything but pleased with a writer who can assure him to his face that he is 'a patriot whose principles and character remain *unchanged and unshaken* through every reverse of fortune!' One might just as well compliment Proteus upon the unalterable *fixity of his features*; nor would any classical Tory in the present day (Mr. Reade alone excepted) object to an application of these lines to the First Lord of the Treasury:—

'Tum variæ eludent species atque ora ferarum :  
Omnia transformant sese in miracula rerum :  
Aut acrem flammæ sonitum dabit, atque ita vinelis  
Ereidet, aut in agnas termes dilapsus abibit!'

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*Poems from Eastern Sources. The Steadfast Prince, and other Poems.* By Richard Chevenix French. London: Moxon.

This is an elegant little volume of verses, attractive to those persons who happen to have particular tastes for oriental poetry. The second piece, is the best, containing about ninety stanzas on the celebrated Sebastian or Ferdinand of Portugal, who was lost in a crusade against the Barbary Moors. Mr. French represents his hero as dying a sort of sacrifice to Christianity; and the following specimen

will give a fair idea of his descriptive abilities, as well as of the sort of stanza which he has adopted :—

‘ There, lo! with folded palms the martyr lay,  
His eyes unclosed—and stood in each a tear,  
And round his mouth a sweeter smile did play  
Than ever might on mortal lips appear :  
No mortal joy could ever have come near  
The joy that bred that smile:—with waking eye  
He seemed to mark some vision streaming by !’

‘ The Corregan’ and ‘ The Famine’ also possess merit, as displaying imaginative conceptions of no common order ; whilst the other pieces appear to us as rising little above those fugitive fragments which frequently adorn our scrap-books and albums. Not that we are at all disposed to despise such amiable, or at least harmless productions. Whatever contributes towards intellectual cultivation, or the advancement of taste for the moral, the sublime, or the beautiful, is worth something. Poems, like those of Mr. French, are the moths and butterflies, or if he will, the variegated humming-birds of our literary gardens. Their hues glance brightly in the sunbeams, though it be only for a moment; and yet an almighty and all bounteous Providence will not withhold from his creatures even that transitory enjoyment. Peace be with all the genuine children of Parnassus, whether their attractiveness consist in the sweetness of song, the elegance of form, or the brilliancy of plumage. We had rather promote the composition of a pretty paper of verses to please the fair or delight children, than applaud the heroes of a hundred battles in rhapsodies which might consign to immortality the tyrants or destroyers of mankind.

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*Sermons printed from the MSS. of the late Rev. Benjamin Beddome, A.M. With a Brief Memoir of the Author.* London: Ward and Co. 8vo. 467.

These sermons, sixty-seven in number, are by the author of a large number of some of the most beautiful hymns contained in our various selections of devotional poetry. They are evidently not what he *preached*, from the texts which are placed at their head, but rather the *subject-matter* on which he expatiated more at large. They are, however very beautiful, and eminently instructive. It cannot be said of this book, as of many modern publications, that it contains ‘ a rill of letter-press and a meadow of margin!’ It is a very *honest* volume, and that is no small praise.

The memoir which is prefixed is short and interesting. Mr. Beddome’s life was too retired and uniform to admit of much incident, or any striking events. But it was a very holy and useful life; and no intelligent and pious person can read it without interest and profit. It appropriately closes with the graphic sketch, by the late Rev. Robert Hall, from a preface by that master hand, to a volume of Mr. Beddome’s



Hymns, from which we take the following sentences:—‘ Mr. Beddome was, on many accounts, an extraordinary person; his mind was cast in an original mould; his conceptions on every subject were eminently his own. Favoured with the advantages of a learned education, he continued to the last to cultivate an acquaintance with the best writers of antiquity. As a preacher, he was universally admired for the piety and unction of his sentiments, the felicity of his arrangement, the purity, force, and simplicity of his language, all which were recommended by a delivery perfectly natural and graceful.’ After such a testimony from such a quarter, what more can *we* say to recommend this volume!

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*Six Views of Infidelity.* By Joseph Fletcher. London: Snow. 1843.

These were first published in the form of separate tracts, but are now condensed into one neat and useful volume, comprising sentiments well adapted to fortify the minds of the young against some prevailing errors of these times. The creed, the biography, the morality, the consolations, the charms, and the antagonist of infidelity, are the six aspects under which this solemn evil is considered, and the mode in which these topics are treated, is such as to render the book attractive and interesting, while the seasonable lessons which it conveys are of the utmost value. Cordially do we agree in the opinions of Archbishop Whateley, which are quoted at some length by the author in his preface, to the effect that the burden of proof now rests on him who rejects the Bible. ‘It is becoming,’ writes John Howe, ‘and seemly, that the grand, ancient, and received truth, which tends to, and is the reason of, the godly life, do sometimes keep state; and no more descend to perpetual repeated janglings with every scurrilous and impertinent trifter, than a great and redoubted prince would think it fit to dispute the rights of his crown with a drunken distracted fool or a madman;’ In these lectures, our author has taken high ground in combating and resisting advancing error and vice, and maintaining the simple dignity and authority of truth. It has given us satisfaction to peruse his volume, and to believe that in his case, and in those of others, the names and virtues of the departed will be continued to the world in the succeeding generation.

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*The Farewell Services of Robert Moffat in Edinburgh, Manchester, and London.* Edited by John Campbell, D.D. London: John Snow.

We regret that this interesting little volume has been permitted—we know not how it has happened—to escape our attention. It will be welcomed by thousands who were personally unacquainted with the ‘noble presence,’ of the African missionary, and will serve to foster his spirit among our British youths. Dr. Campbell’s editorial labours have been purely a work of love, and we thank him for the good service he has rendered.

*A Practical Exposition of the Book of Jonah, in Ten Lectures.* By James Peddie, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Son.

Plain, simple, and practical observations on the inspired narrative to which they refer. They were delivered as lectures on the evenings of the Lord's day, upwards of ten years ago, afterwards printed in the United Secession Magazine, and are now collected in a small volume of 180 pages foolscap 8vo, in which there is nothing peculiar, save a strict adherence to what its title professes.

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### Literary Intelligence.

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